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June, 1900.

No. 1037.

Published Every Month.

M. J. IVERS & CO., Publishers,
(JAMES SULLIVAN, PROPRIETOR),
379 Pearl Street, New York.

10 Cents a Copy.
\$1.00 a Year.

Vol. LXXX.

Thayendanegea, THE SCOURGE;

Or, The War-Eagle of the Mohawks.

BY NED BUNTLIN.

CHAPTER I.

"MOTHER, I am almost a warrior now! I am more fleet of foot than any runner in the tribe! My arrow never misses its mark, and when Ohanwanho lets me shoot his rifle, my aim is yet more sure than his! I am strong, I will soon put my foot upon the war-path, and then I will prove I am brave! Now, hide from me no longer the place of my birth, or the name of my father! It is time that I should know it!—time that I should know why we loiter here, away from the tribe of which you say I should be chief! There is hot, strong blood in my veins—a big heart beats in my breast—I am an eagle, and must not be chained, or I will die, beating myself with my own wings!"

These words were uttered by an Indian youth, whose age might be fifteen or sixteen—it were hard to determine it, at a glance, for his form was yet slender, though every muscle was well developed, and it in its grace, heightened by his scanty but picturesque costume, would have formed a study for the first sculptor in the world. His features were noble, his eye large and flashing, and his thin nostrils dilated, and his veins seemed to swell and darken as he spoke.

She whom he addressed looked young to be the mother of such a boy—yet the likeness of the two could not be mistaken. Tall, elegantly formed, clad, indeed, like an Indian queen, she was very, very beautiful. And a look of settled sorrow added to her dignity, for there was pride rather than despondency in it!

They stood upon the banks of *La Belle Riviere*, the then silvery Ohio, for the dust and stain of commerce had not then been cast upon its limpid bosom, nor the rush of rattle-wheels mingled earth with water.

"THAYENDANEGEA!"

The mother laid her small hand upon the impatient youth's shoulder, as she uttered this word, and for a moment she looked him full in the face, firmly, but not unkindly. He cast his eyes down for a moment, and then said:

"Mother, my ears are open to your words—your eyes go through me, as the sun pierces the water!"

"The first duty of a warrior is to learn patience and fortitude!" she said, slowly.

"Yes, mother! To bear hunger, thirst, pain of body, all without a murmur or a groan! These I am equal to, but not, *not* to this agony of mystery. To know that I am something, and yet know not what—to feel that I have a field of action open for me—for me alone—yet know not where it is—to know that you have some hidden sorrow in your

"Where you must guide me!" continued the youth. "I will stand beside my father's grave, and there learn my name—there take counsel of his spirit, and learn what a warrior's son should do. Mother, we must go to the Mohawk!"

"Thayendanegea, I dare not!"

"Mother, you are a squaw!"

No pen could describe, or pencil properly delineate, the tone and attitude with which those words were delivered. To call a warrior a squaw is the deadliest insult which can be given; to remind a woman that she is a squaw, is to bitterly reproach her for unwomanly weakness.

His scornful tone—low, but deep and taunting; his turning upon his heel, with arms folded upon his breast, as if he deemed it beneath him to look upon her—all struck, like a thousand serpent bites, into her very heart, and she pressed one hand there, as if to smother the fire,

while the other was raised, and seemed to invoke help from above. To add to the striking picture, a lovely girl—a year or more riper in age than the boy—came bounding to her side, bearing in her hands wreaths of flowers, and followed by a beautiful fawn.

"What is the matter, mother? Has Thayendanegea angered thee? Forgive him, for ONALOVA's sake!" and the lovely creature knelt at her mother's feet, and, drawing away the hand from over that aching heart, kissed it again and again.

The woman did not look down at her daughter: her eye was upon the boy, who, firm as if he had been a statue of bronze, stood as first he turned.

"Does it become the son of a brave warrior, and the future chief of a nation, to insult the mother who gave him life?" she said, at last, in a voice so low that it seemed scarcely to have left her lips; yet it reached his ears—his heart, too. The folded arms were unbent, and the flashing eyes cast down; slowly, as if all unwilling to yield to his own convictions of wrong, the youth turned toward his mother, and, in a



THAYENDANEGEA.

heart, and not know where to seek him who placed it there! Again I ask—where is my father?"

"Buried on the banks of the dear, dear Mohawk, where—where—"

The woman suddenly restrained herself, but evidently with an effort.

low, sad tone, said:

"Thayenda-ne-gea has done wrong. He will offend his mother no more. He will take his bow and go far away; and, when he has won a warrior's name, he will come back to her!"

He was moving off, when his mother cried:

"Stay!"

And Onalova, her long tresses flying back from her broad, glossy shoulders, came bounding from his side, and, taking his hand, said, in a tone reproachful, but fond:

"Oh, brother, would you break our mother's heart, and leave Onalova without a protector?"

"Thayendanagea, you shall have your wish!" said the mother, advancing. "When the moon is full, we will start for the Valley of the Mohawk. We must wait till then, for we will have to travel at night, else will we be kept back by those who have been paid to keep us here. And we must prepare for a march of toil and peril. Great mountains must be climbed—deep rivers crossed—enemies avoided. You have forced it on me sooner than I wished; but I have spoken, and we will go!"

"Forgive me, my noble, good mother. I have been very wrong!" and now the young Indian, wholly softened, knelt at his mother's feet, and pressed her hand to his breast.

"Kneel only when you whisper to the Great Spirit, my son!" said she, lifting him up. "And now, if you have a warrior's cunning, show it. Convey, at least a half day's journey to the east, all the dried provisions which we can carry with ease, and hide them. It must be done in small parcels, from time to time, when you hunt. Onalova and myself will make our strong moccasins and garments for the travel while you do that. We have almost half a moon in which to get ready. And by no look, word, or sign, betray our intentions. Keen eyes are upon us—they will stay us with strong arms if they think we would leave them."

"Why, my mother?"

"At a proper time, Thayendanagea shall know—it is not time yet. Now to your sports, and leave me to think and to talk to the Great Spirit! He must guide us, or our path is dark!"

The young people reverently obeyed, and strolled along up the bank of the beautiful river, hand-in-hand, as they had often done before, while his dog and her fawn gambolled ahead of them, as playfully as two kittens in the sun of a June morning!

CHAPTER II.

Sir William Johnson, king's superintendent of the Six Nations—in fact, of all the Indians, under British rule, north of New York—sat in a front room of his baronial castle—for such it really was—situated where still exists and flourishes the village of Johnstown, on its lofty look-out above the Mohawk Valley.

History has described him—to that let the reader turn—and when they observe the powerful sway which he held over the Indians for years, and the havoc which he committed during our revolutionary struggle, they will not wonder at the strange mysteries destined to be unravelled in this romance.

He sat, as I said, in his easy chair, with his amber-mouthed pipe between his sensual lips, looking out on broad lands occupied by his own tenantry, and possessing, as he did, the power of a monarch, if not of a despot, and the sensuous nature accorded to the Turk, seemed to enjoy himself. But then his fortified house; the arms he constantly wore about his own portly person, and the vigilant attendances which he required of one or more servants whom he trusted implicitly, all tended to show that neither his wealth, power, or their attendant luxuries exempted him from care.

A flush came over the face of Sir William, as a tall, gray-haired, and grim-looking warrior was seen rapidly striding over the lawn toward the house. Fully armed, and bearing the insignia of a chief, the savage bore an air of importance.

"What new favor can old Aroghyadecka want now!" muttered Sir William, in a tone of discontent. "Presuming on the past, and a fancied hold he has upon me, he asks too much. He must cease—he has already made me do too much!"

He had hardly closed this soliloquy, when the tall chieftain stalked into the apartment, and, as stiff and erect as a rock-rooted pine upon the hill-side, stood before him, making a scarcely recognizable sign of respect.

Sir William motioned his visitor toward a seat, but the latter remained standing. After waiting a moment to recover breath—for he had traveled—the Indian spoke.

"I have news for my brother," said he.

"It is well. My ears are open—let my brother speak!" said Sir William.

"The news comes from a black cloud!" continued the Indian.

"So does the lightning. My heart is strong, let my brother speak!" said Sir William, smoking calmly, and showing an indifference worthy of the Indian character, which he always emulated, and probably thereby gained much of his influence.

"Two ears too many!" said the Indian, pointing to a servant of Sir William's.

"You can retire, Pontioch, but do not go beyond hearing of my whistle; and tell Malcom to be ready for the hunt of which I spoke!" said the baronet, whose last words were precautionary, and such as he knew Malcom, the chief of his body-guard, would understand. The truth was, that he did not like the expression upon the chieftain's face, and saw that the latter was much excited, though he strove to hide it.

When the servant was gone, the Indian, after looking around, and seeing that no listeners were near the windows, turned and said:

"A bird has brought me news from the Miamis!"

The baronet started slightly, but instantly was as calm as before.

"My ears are open!" said he.

"Dyagetto and her children are no longer with the Miamis!" continued the chief, looking at the baronet closely, to note the effect of the news. But the latter, now fully on his guard, exhibited no feeling, even if he had cause to do so.

"They have come toward the sunrise!" continued the Indian.

Sir William smoked on, as if the matter in no way affected him.

The Indian now showed signs of impatience, or rather of annoyance, and said, quickly:

"My brother says nothing!"

"I have two ears and but one tongue! When my brother is done, I will speak!"

"Does this news please my brother?"

"What is, is! If the Miamis have slept, it has not been with my eyes!" said the baronet.

"Will my brother let them live if they come to his fort?"

"I do not murder women and children."

"The boy will soon be a warrior. If he learns his rights—"

"Your power will be in danger!" added the baronet, concluding the words the chief had commenced.

"Yes; but I care not for myself. I have a son who will be a great brave."

"Then let him and the son of Dyagetto battle for the place."

"Has my brother no interest in the matter? Does he forget I had a daughter, and that she sleeps in her grave?"

"No, Aroghyadecka, I do not; and, if I did, you never would let me be long in forgetfulness," cried the baronet, now losing his temper. "But were she a thousand times your daughter, and had she been a thousand times as beautiful, her price has been paid, and overpaid. Mark you, I have borne for her sake, and your feelings, all that I will bear. A brave chief was sacrificed to make way for you; his family were banished. Every wish you have ever spoken to me has been gratified; but now I have done. The more I give, the more you ask. You get no more."

"My brother gets angry, like a squaw. Let him be careful, or he'll bite his tongue off."

Sir William made no reply; but, resuming his seat again, lighted his pipe, after refilling it, and paid no further attention to the Indian, who stood regarding him with a look of hatred that would have made most men quail. After a short pause, he took a silver whistle from his vest, and blew a sharp note. In an instant the negro servant was by his side.

"Pontioch, bring me one glass, and a bottle of brandy," said he.

The servant entered the next room, and in a few moments reappeared, bearing a bottle of brandy and a single glass upon a silver salver.

The baronet poured out the sparkling fire-water, more prized than all else by the red men of that day—and, alas! for them, even in this—and diluting it with iced water from a silver pitcher on a table within his reach, he drank it off.

He could not more deeply have insulted or wounded the Indian chief than by that act.

The latter stood one moment, and then said: "The pale-faced chief has drunk his own blood! When the chief of the Mohawks has made his nest secure for his own eagle, then

he'll come again!"

As he said this, he turned abruptly on his heel, and left the house.

"Pontioch, tell Malcom to come here!" said the baronet, calmly, for he now had entirely regained his composure.

"He dare not expose the secret of Ogahtee's death; and Dyagetto dare not break the oath she took when I spared her son. I am safe, but this old reptile must be watched. He means to destroy them. He shall not. That Dyagetto was a handsome woman when she went away. She may not have faded yet."

The soliloquy of the baronet was broken in by the entrance of the person for whom he sent.

"Malcom, you saw the Mohawk chief that just left the house?"

"I did, Sir William."

"Have a watch kept on all his movements. Double our guards at night, and then your self take four or five men, and start, as if on a hunting expedition. Cross the river, and scout up and down, watching him the while, or any party of Mohawks over the river; and if you fall in with a woman who answers to the name of Dyagetto, with two children with her, bring her to me safely. She speaks English almost as well as her own tongue: was taught in my school here."

The soldier's only reply was the military salute. He had his orders, and departed to fulfill them. And those men who say little are the very ones who will fulfill orders, though a thousand perils stand in the way.

"Send Mr. O'Whackem here, Pontioch. Tell him to bring his school report with him," said the baronet, again starting his pipe into action.

In a short time, an individual appeared, who, as Sir William's schoolmaster, deserves a brief description. His small, fiery, gray eye, thick lips, and wide mouth, so open that it constantly revealed a couple of rows of masticators, which looked as if capable almost of any duty, from the hashing up of boarding-house steak to the shortening of tenpenny nails, and a nose, heavenward pointing its aspirations, at once revealed his derivation. It was from the south of Ireland. His forehead—what there was of it—was drawn into perpendicular furrows, he had so long been in the habit of wearing a frown of pedantic dignity thereon. Over this, red and bristly, pointing in all directions, rose his short, coarse hair. A neckcloth, which purported to be white, but was nearly tan-color, was swathed tightly around about three inches length of neck, which seemed strong enough to support twenty such heads as his. The *tout ensemble* of his head was bull-dogish. His long arms, lean body, and long legs, his large feet and hands, conveyed an idea that he was better fitted for manual than mental labor; but in those days a teacher generally took plenty of exercise, trying the "bottom" of many a youngster, who strove to run out of gear.

"How goes your school?" asked the baronet.

"Much in the old way, Sir William," replied the pedant, with a flourish of his right hand—his left was placed on the small of his back, so as to lift the important and lengthy tails of his brass-buttoned coat out at a dignified distance from that portion of the body which, through his *birchified* scholars, he seemed to have an aversion for. "Haythen will be haythen, and Injuns and nagers will be what they were born, in spite of bating or philosophy. Here is the wake'y report, Sir William. Some of 'em, ye'll see, are improvin' forward, and others are improvin' backward."

The baronet took the paper, glanced at it, then laid it on the table, and called his servant.

"Pontioch, brandy and two glasses."

The schoolmaster evidently was in favor. While the servant was gone, Sir William said:

"Were you to use a little more moral suasion, and less corporeal punishment, do you not think the youngsters would like you better, and learn more?"

"Divil the bit, asking yer pardon, Sir William, for the irriverent expression. Sure doesn't the Bible, or some other good book, say, 'Spare the rod, and ruin the child?' No; like my own countrymen, the more you bate 'em, the more they like you. As to talkin' knowledge into 'em, 'twould be like whisperin' love to a purty girl through a four feet wall, where you couldn't smell the clover of her breath. When I lay down the birch they'll lay down their books."

The baronet smiled at this opinion very earnestly given by Mr. Flood, and then he smiled again, for the brandy was at hand. In the last he was assisted by the schoolmaster, who seemed quite pleased with the service, and took the heavier part of the labor on himself.

"Where is Guy and my son John?" asked the baronet of his servant, after he had dismissed the important Mr. O'Whackem.

"Gone to de Soc-en-dog" a fishin', sah!"

"Very well. When they return, tell them I would like to see them!"

"Yes, sah!"

"And now I do not wish to be disturbed by any visitors—remember!"

The negro nodded and left the room, to remain near the door until again called by the whistle of his master.

CHAPTER III.

For five weary weeks, traveling mostly at night, and taking a devious course to avoid pursuit, the noble Dyagetto had led her children eastward from the Ohio. Onalova, though slight in figure, had borne the fatigue bravely, and Thayendanegea had improved in strength and muscle every day. And it seemed, as he approached the lofty hills which walled in his native valley, as if he grew in stature; for his elastic form heightened, he held his head more proudly, the respiration came more freely from his full breast.

There must be something in our native air which ever makes itself known within us, when we approach our birth-place. As I describe, so have I felt.

At last they stood upon the crest of a hill which overlooked the valley.

"See!" said Dyagetto, pointing downward to what seemed a stream of liquid, rushing

* The Sacandaga River, rising in the mountains of Hamilton county and emptying into the Hudson.

gold, for the red sun was throwing its last lingering rays upon it—"The Mohawk—children, the valley of your birth!"

The eyes of Onalova glittered with pleasure as they ran over as beautiful a landscape as ever charmed the mortal vision—a variety of hill and dale, and level plain, threaded by hundreds of shining rivulets, all rushing to the arms of the larger stream, which was to bear them to the oblivious ocean. And this, too, clad in the lively green and flowery sheen of "leafy June," now softened in the mellow of the coming sunset, was very lovely.

But the eagle eye of Thayendanegea rested not on these beauties; it wandered to and fro restlessly, and he said at last:

"Can we see none of the villages of my tribe? Where do the warriors dwell?"

"We will seek them when another day begins," replied his mother, quietly. "Find a fit camping-place, my son, and we will rest, so that we may be strong when once more we stand among our people. But, remember, you must hint no word of your rights or my wrongs, until I have consented!"

"Thayendanegea has promised!" replied the youth.

A little way down the hill-side, close by a gushing stream, there was a mossy spot, completely overhung by a precipice of white, dry rock. It was fringed around with small bushes, and was admirably adapted for a camping-place.

Here the party laid down their packs, which were not heavy now, for their provisions were nearly out. A pheasant flew up as they approached the spot, and alighting on the limb of a small birch, some fifty or sixty yards off, seemed to reconnoiter the proceedings. An arrow from Thayendanegea's bow in a moment put an end to his troubles, and while the young hunter gathered fuel, and with flint and steel lighted a fire, his mother prepared the bird for supper.

Before the darkness came on, the boy also gathered soft branches for beds, and built up a little screen around his mother and sister's retiring place, and then, with a cheerful fire blazing before them, and a nice, broiled partridge and dried venison, and parched corn, that lonely family supped as well, and probably with a better appetite, than will many a wealthy reader of this work after he has perused this chapter.

Having replenished his fuel, so as to keep the

fire up all night, Thayendanegea received the blessing of his mother, and then laid down, with his feet to the fire, in front of the camp—his bow by his side, and his tomahawk in his hand, ready to use at a moment's warning. He was soon asleep, for he was very weary. They had marched a long way that day, not resting from the start, for his mother had hoped to reach the Mohawk by night.

And now, all was still except the lulling murmur of the little spring, the rustling of the breeze, as it softly passed through the new-leaved branches. And the stars seemed asleep, they lay so quiet in the cloudless sky.

Thayendanegea slept and dreamed—dreamed that he was a mighty chief—that the eagle coronet of a great brave was on his head, and that a thousand warriors waited for his battle-cry. His form seemed taller than the highest of them all, his eye the brightest. And he saw his loved mother robed as a Forest Queen—his beautiful sister, by her side, looking more lovely than ever.

The dream was sweet, but, ah! too brief! It changed; he thought that he had been taken prisoner by a band of enemies, and was destined for the torture. And he nerved his soul to meet it, as the son of a warrior should—to sing his death-song and show his tortures, that neither soul or body could be conquered until one had sped to the spirit-land, and the other had been consumed. But his mother and sister again appeared upon the scene, and their screams of agony pierced his very heart.

Heavens! It was no dream—a rough hand touched his form, and he sprang to his feet, to hear the screams in reality, and to find himself in the strong hands of two grim warriors, from whose grasp he tried in vain to tear himself. By the light of the dawning day, he could see that his mother and sister, too, were captives. But why, when they were so near their own tribe, was his perplexity? But he asked no question—he waited to be spoken to, though his swelling veins and flashing eyes told what he would do, were he for a moment free, great as were the odds against him, for the warriors were six in number.

"Why has Dyagetto left the land of the Miamis?" at last asked the grim leader of the band.

"It was not the home of her fathers—her heart was weary of dwelling with the stranger, her eyes ached to look upon her kindred, and she chose to come!" replied the woman, haughtily.

"Knew you not that birds were swift-winged, and would be here before you, to tell that your word was broken, and that you would meet a river you could not cross, a mountain you could not climb?"

"That bird is a lying one, and flies only from your lips!"

"Woman, you hasten your death, if you brave me!"

"I know it—I can die but once. You are used to murder!"

The warrior's eyes gleamed with a ferocity that threatened instant death, as he placed his hand upon his knife, and stepped toward her, but he restrained himself and turned toward her son. For a few moments, he eyed him sternly, but a look more haughty than his own met his glance.

"What are you?" he finally asked.

The *squaw* who creeps upon women and children when they are sleeping, deserves no answer from the son of a warrior!" was the bold reply.

In an instant, the tomahawk of the Mohawk chief glittered in his hand, and the brave youth would never have spoken again, had not help been near.

"Hold on there—if ye'd not have an ounce of lead in your old carcass!" cried a voice, as the steel-bearing hand was raised, and at the same moment Malcom, with six of Sir William's Highlanders, appeared on the scene, well armed and ready for action.

"Why does the pale-face interfere with my business?" asked the chief, haughtily.

"Because, in the first place, you were about doing a most cowardly deed; in the next place, you are interfering with peaceful travelers, and, thirdly and lastly, as the preacher says, because I choose to. So take yourself and your painted gang away from here, or I'll give you a better reason still for going!"

As he said this, Malcom touched the keen hanger by his side, and motioned his men to close up.

"These are my prisoners!" said the chief, doggedly.

"Then come to Sir William Johnson for them—he sent me to bring them to him—let that youngster go!" and he leveled his gun at one of the warriors who held the youth.

The Indians started back, for they did not like the muzzle of a cocked musket so close to their breasts. The chief saw that he was overpowered, and sullenly called his men off.

"Tell the pale-faced chief that there is a cloud between him and the chief of the Mohawks!" said the latter, fiercely, as he descended the hill-side.

"A cloud of smoke and a quart of whiskey will drive it out of sight!" said Malcom, whose opinion of the Indian character was by no means elevated.

He now told Dyagetto that she was safe, and that Sir William, hearing of her coming, had sent him to look for and protect her. Giving her and her children food from his own well-stored haversack, after a brief delay, he started at a rapid pace to recross the river, not liking to give the Mohawk chief too good a chance to rally men and intercept him; for Malcom had "served" on the other side of the water, and knew that one of the best qualities of a soldier is caution.

CHAPTER IV.

Sir William Johnson was at dinner. On one hand sat his nephew, Guy Johnson, afterward his son-in-law; on the other, his son John, both young men, full of life and adventure, and as dissipated as young men of rank and means think it necessary to be.

An Englishman would as soon think of eating garlic soup as to sit at a table where there was not a round of roast beef. This dish was on the baronet's table, but there was also salmon, trout, wild ducks, geese, turkeys, partridges, quails, venison, etc., for he was quite a fastidious gourmand, and beside, his was an open table, and guests were entertained every day. There were several on this occasion, but none worthy of particular note. Lafferty, his secretary, sat *vis-a-vis* with Mr. Flood; his physician, Daly, an ancestor of Pat Daly, sat a little further toward the head of the board. Attentive servants were at hand to supply every want.

The solid part of the repast was finished, and only Sir William and his son and nephew remained over their wine, when Pontioch came in, and, in a low tone, communicated something to his master.

"Let them be brought in at once!" said the latter. "I will see them here."

The servant withdrew, but soon returned with Malcom and Dyagetto and her children.

The mother had carefully arranged their toilet, as well as her own, so that in their native comeliness they showed but little of the stain of travel.

A murmur of pleased wonder broke from the lips of the younger Johnsons, as they looked at the magnificent group, their eyes wandering from the matured beauties of the mother to those just blossoming in the daughter, and then to the erect and warrior-form of young Thayendanegea, whom no presence seemed to abash, and who seemed everywhere to feel that he had no superior; that, indeed, royal blood ran in his veins.

Dyagetto advanced with her children by her side, until within a few feet of Sir William, and then stopped, waiting to be spoken to. At first she had looked him boldly in the eye, but when his too ardent gaze seemed to scan her form, she dropped her eyes, and the blood rose to her cheeks and darkened their rich transparency.

"So, Malcom, you found my friend!" said the baronet.

"Just in time to save the top-knot of that young man, Sir William. Obeying your orders, I kept trace of the old Mohawk, who smelt them out before me, and when he thought he had his game set, I stepped in and drew the trumps out of his hand!"

"And took the 'honors,' my brave fellow. I'll hear your entire report, by-and-bye, in my library. I must check the insolence of that rascal, even if I have to leave a vacancy in the chieftainship of the tribe!"

"There should be no vacancy while the son of Ogahtee lives!" said Dyagetto, in a tone of calm dignity, but so low that only he heard it.

"Peace, woman!" said Sir William, sternly.

though he started, and turned pale when she uttered the name. "He must not be spoken of, at least for the present!"

"Yet he speaks to me from his bloody grave, and bids me demand justice for his son—for my boy!" said the woman, boldly, and her dark eye flashed, and her form seemed to swell to a prouder height when she spoke.

"Enough, Dyagetto; no more, until I see you alone!" said he, speaking to her in her own tongue.

She bowed her head and was silent.

"What a noble-looking boy; he seems born for a warrior!" said Guy Johnson, as he looked at Thayendanegea.

"But how very beautiful is his sister!" said John Johnson, whose admiring eye was fixed upon her.

And she, too, was gazing upon him, but it was in wonder, for he was dressed very richly, withal was handsome, and she never before had seen a being beside her brother, who looked so noble as he did. She did not construe his ardent gaze in the manner which one who knew of the world and its ways would; therefore her eyes were not cast down, nor did blush rise to express emotions of anger or of mortification.

But Dyagetto saw the look, divined his thoughts, and quickly said:

"We will retire, my children; when Sir William wishes to see me, he can send for me!"

"See to their comfort, Malcom," said the baronet; "have rooms assigned them, and tell the steward to see that they are refreshed. And keep a guard about, not upon them, but for them! The old Mohawk chief is crafty and dangerous!"

The soldier's salute was his only reply, as he turned upon his heel and left the room, followed by the Indian woman and her children.

"That boy steps as proudly as a king," said Guy, as Thayendanegea strode away.

"There is kingly blood in his veins!" said Sir William, but he did not speak of them again during the course of the meal.

CHAPTER V.

Foiled in his intentions against Dyagetto and her children, by the opportune arrival and action of Malcom, the old Mohawk chief sullenly returned to his village. It was on the banks of the rushing stream which bore the name of his tribe, nestled in amid gentle slopes which were covered with corn, melons, etc., and few, to look upon the neat houses, the tasteful enclosures, the well-laden fruit trees, would have deemed that none but savages dwelled there. This proved that the red man could imitate the pale-face in the procurement of comforts—alas, that he can so readily also imitate the vices of the white man; for, physically, he is far the noblest of the two.

When he arrived, he dismissed the warriors, who had been with him, with a caution to be silent about the occurrences of the morning, and then sent for his son, a warrior almost in age, if not in action, for he was at least five years the senior of Thayendanegea. He was tall and powerful in appearance, yet there was no true nobility in his appearance, for the expression of his countenance told of a low and crafty nature, of a disposition lacking open courage, manliness, and generosity. His dress redolent of ornament, and his face without a scar, and ornamented weapons without marks of use, told as much of his character as I could describe in half a chapter.

"Ipsico," said the old chief, as his son entered his lodge, from which he had sent out the women previously, "when the Great Spirit takes me up to the happy hunting-grounds, who will be a chief in my stead? who be the head man of the Mohawks?"

"Why does my father ask?" replied the young Indian. "Who but Ipsico will then be chief?"

"Another may claim the place?"

"But he will have no right. I am thy son!"

"Yet another lives who will claim that his right is better than that of Ipsico!"

"The Mohawks will not listen to him!"

"If his story, truly told, goes to the Mohawks' ears, they will know him as chief, and bid Ipsico hide his head!"

"Who is he? He must die!"

"Ipsico now speaks like a warrior! Let him act as such! Yes, the boy who would fill the place of Ipsico, must die, and Ipsico

must slay him!"

"Yes, where does he sleep?" said Ipsico, eagerly.

"Would you fear to slay him, were he awake and standing before you?" asked the old chief, with a touch of sarcasm in his tone.

"Oh, no! Ipsico knows no fear!" said the young Indian, and even as he spoke, he glanced quickly around, as if he feared some one would hear his boast. "Where is this pretender?"

"In the castle of the great pale face, protected under his wing!" replied the old chief.

"Who is he?"

"The son of Ogahtee, whose place I fill!"

"My father dreams. Ogahtee's son died with his father—so all the tribe know!"

"Not so—a woman's prayers saved his life. He is the tree across thy path!"

"Which I will cut away!" said Ipsico, in a bitter tone, for he had too long and impatiently looked for the day when he should be chief, to be willing to lose it without a struggle, coward even though he was by nature.

"Yes, it must be done, and by thy hand. But not yet—it must be a work of time and care. Yesterday, I quarreled with the great pale-faced chief for thee. To-day I must make quarrel smooth, for he has too much strength for me, and the cunning of the fox must meet the strength of the bear. Ipsico must go with me to the castle, for I shall ask the great chief to make Ipsico wise in his school, and we will yet be too wise for him!"

"What my father says is good, but I do not like the school of the pale-face!"

"Nor yet that of the hunter, or the warrior!" said the old chief, gloomily. "When I was of thy age, there were scalps at my belt, and my father's lodge was full of game!"

The young Indian made no reply, but looked sullenly down upon the ground, for the rebuke conveyed was merited.

The old chief gazed at him for a moment, and then said:

"You are my son—my blood is in your veins—you have a strong heart, but it has been asleep! Let it wake up, and you shall yet be a great brave, and a mighty chief!"

"The ears of Ipsico are open—his eyes shall see the path his father marks out for him, and his feet shall not leave it?" replied the young Indian.

"It is well! Make ready to go to the castle of the pale-faced chief!"

CHAPTER VI.

After he had dined, and learned that the necessities of Dyagetto and her family had been properly attended to, Sir William sent for her to come to his library, for he wished to converse with her alone. But a few moments elapsed after he had sent the summons before she appeared, much improved, too; for with that natural, and not blameable, pride which seems an inherent part of woman-nature, she had taken the first opportunity to renovate her toilet, and make herself as look-at-able as possible. Not from vanity or coquetry on her part, she was above that, but from an innate sense of decency which her intercourse with the whites had increased, rather than lessened.

Sir William, whom history records as a sensualist of the most immoderate kind, looked with an eager eye upon beauties fully matured, yet not lessened by her age, when she entered; but her cold and haughty look chilled the words of flattery which he was about to utter, and he simply pointed to a chair, and bade her be seated.

"What does the great chief wish with Dyagetto?" she asked, as she took her seat.

"To ask you why you left the Miamis? why came here, where you knew you would meet danger to yourself and children?"

"Is the great chief of the pale-faces my friend or my enemy?" she asked.

"Your friend. Why do you ask?"

"Because if he is my friend, he is powerful, and I should fear no other foes!"

"Not Aroghyadecka, the Mohawk Chief?"

"Not even he, the murderer of my husband and the usurper of his place, whom, even you, have protected—you who have fed in my husband's wigwam, and slept while he watched over you! You asked me why I came back from the Miamis? It was to look once more upon the grave of my husband, to see the paths which I trod in my childhood—to drink of the cool waters of my birth-place! To bring my children here, where you might see

them, and when I laid down beside my Ogahtee, as soon I shall, that you might be just, and protect them who were without father or mother!"

Sir William seemed strangely affected while the noble Indian woman spoke in a tone of impassioned earnestness. After some moments of agitation, he spoke:

"Dyagetto, you have been deeply wronged—I have been a party to much of your wrong; but policy and circumstances drove me to much which I would recall, were it possible. But you have come to me for justice and protection. The last you shall have, and the first, so far as it is in my power to render!"

"Shall Thayendanegea fill the place of his father, and shall the scalp of that father's murderer dangle from his lodge-pole?" asked the woman, eagerly, asking, mother-like, all for her son, and nothing for herself.

"In time he shall know that he is chief of the Mohawks, and the tribe shall know it, and then, if he becomes the warrior which his looks now promise—"

"He has the soul of Ogahtee—his heart is big, and he is brave!" said the proud mother.

"Then he shall have my aid to place him where his brave father stood—my aid to avenge Ogahtee's death!"

The haughty pride of the Indian woman melted in a moment, and tears sparkled in her great black eyes, while she threw herself upon her knees before the baronet, and pressed his hands to her lips.

"Dyagetto thanks the great chief for his promise!" she said, in broken accents, for she was sobbing with joy.

Sir William lifted her up, and bade her be seated again.

"The time for this has not yet come!" he continued, "nor must Thayendanegea yet know who or what he is. I do not yet absolve you from your promise of secrecy, for he must be educated and prepared for his position. I will confide in Dyagetto, for I know that she is good and wise—she will not speak to other ears what I give to her's alone!"

"A chain is upon Dyagetto's tongue when the great chief wills it!" replied the woman.

"Then I will speak. The colonies, beginning to feel their strength, are already almost in open rebellion against our father, the king, beyond the seas. A war is almost certain, a war in which they will strive, but strive in vain, for independence. Many will be loyal, and the king has many warriors whom he will send over to crush the rebellion, and to aid those who are loyal. I know that my red brothers will fight for the king, for he is rich and great, and will make them many presents; and the colonies are poor, and cannot do it. And, in such a war, the chief of the Mohawks, the first tribe of the Six Nations, will be a great man! It is my wish that Thayendanegea should learn well the language and the arts of the white man, for a great path is before him, and I will put his feet upon it! Is Dyagetto willing that her children should remain in my family, and be treated as my own are treated?"

The Indian woman looked him steadily in the face for some moments before she replied, as if she would read the inmost thoughts of his soul, and then she said:

"Dyagetto is willing—the words of the great chief are good in her ears!"

"And Dyagetto, too, will make her home beneath my roof."

"Dyagetto would live with her people, and be free to go and come as she wills!" replied the woman.

"She shall have her wish," said Sir William. "And, now, let Dyagetto go and tell Thayendanegea to come here, for I would talk to him, and put hope and wisdom in his heart."

The Indian woman bowed her head, and left the room.

"So far, so good!" said Sir William, when he was alone. "I wish old Aroghyadecka was out of the way. His son is not to be feared, but rather to be despised. But the old man is crafty, and has made himself popular with his people. If Thayendanegea were only a few years older, a blow might be struck by his own hand, which, while it placed him at the head of his tribe, would at once raise him to the height of popularity with them."

The soliloquy of the baronet was interrupted by the entrance of the young Indian of whom he spoke.

Advancing proudly, with a step at once

bold and free, a figure erect as a pine deep-rooted in its native soil, and an eye as bright as that of the untamed eagle, Thayendanegea was an object calculated to elicit admiration from any one capable of appreciating manly beauty in one so young.

"My mother bade me come to the great chief. I am here!" said the young warrior, standing in an attitude of respect before the baronet.

"It is well, Thayendanegea," said Sir William. "I sent for you to say that, henceforward, you are to dwell with me, and I will be to you as a father."

"A father!" said the young Indian, quickly—"a father. Did you know my father?"

"I did; and I hope yet to see his son like him—a great warrior."

"Who was he?" asked Thayendanegea, abruptly.

"When a proper time comes, you shall know; but, till then, ask no living being a question about him, nor breathe his name. It is my command."

"I cannot speak his name, for it has been hidden from me!" said the youth, sadly.

"You shall know it, I repeat, at a proper period," said the baronet. "In the meantime, be patient and studious, and prepare to be great in the council and on the war-path. Remember that a great chief has adopted you as a son."

"Thayendanegea will not forget," said the young warrior.

At that instant, the door of Sir William's room was opened without a knock, or any ceremony, and Aroghyadecka and Ipisico entered.

A frown gathered, like a thunder-cloud, dark and ominous, upon the brow of the Englishman, and bitter words were rising to his lips; but, when he saw that the old Mohawk chief wore a look of deep humility, instead of his usual defiant expression, and bore a present of very valuable furs, in token of a wish to make peace—as did his son, also—he restrained himself, and waited for an explanation of the visit with his usual stoical composure.

But the eyes of young Thayendanegea almost flashed fire, as he recognized his captor of that morning and the insulter of his mother, and it needed a look and sign of caution from Sir William to make him restrain himself.

The old Mohawk and his son advanced in silence, and laid their presents at the feet of Sir William, and then retired a few steps, with their eyes down-cast, and their looks expressive of sorrow.

The baronet did not touch the presents, but, with a stern look, regarding them for a time in silence, and then said:

"Why is the chief of the Mohawks here, after his words of insult yesterday? Does he think that I am a woman, whose memory of wrong can be hushed by a word, or driven away by a repentant look?"

"Aroghyadecka was a fool! He has eaten his words. His heart is heavy, for he was wrong. The anger of the great chief is like a cloud upon his spirit, and he has brought him presents to ask him to lift off the cloud, for it is very dark in the path of Aroghyadecka! He has brought his only son, Ipisico, to the great chief, to be a surety that he will do wrong no more. Let the great chief put him in his school, or make him hunt and fish for him, for Ipisico will do his bidding," was the Mohawk's reply.

Sir William was at a loss to know what this unusual and unexpected humility meant. He knew enough of the Indian character to be aware that it was not real, but was assumed for some purpose, but for what, was beyond his immediate comprehension. To refuse the presents of the crafty chief, and the offer of his son, as a security for his own good behaviour, would have been to place it beyond his power to detect the intentions of the old rascal, and he determined to accept them. That some evil was meant toward Dyagetto and her family he was confident, and the thought occurred to him that it would be all the better if he had Ipisico under his own eye, and in his power. Therefore, after appearing to deliberate with serious thought for a time, he said:

"I will take away the cloud from before my red brother, and receive his presents. But my red brother must walk upon a straight path hereafter, or I will never touch his hand again. Ipisico may go and walk with the son whom I have adopted, and I will smoke a

pipe with my brother." And the baronet pointed to Thayendanegea, as the son whom he had adopted.

The eye of the latter flashed, as Ipisico turned toward him to obey the direction of the baronet.

"The eagle will not mate with the crow!" he said, bitterly, and turning upon his heel, he left the room, not, however, until he had cast a withering glance of hate upon Aroghyadecka and his son.

The latter seemed fairly to quail and shrink under the piercing glance, but his father's snake-like eye emitted a deadly gleam, and his sinewy frame quivered with an anger, which he could scarcely suppress.

"Every inch a warrior—Ogahtee lives again in him!" muttered Sir William, in a tone rather of admiration than displeasure—one, too, which reached the ears of the old chief, though not intended for them. "The boy has a will, which only time and discipline will check—let Ipisico go to the next room and sit down while we talk!" said the baronet to the old chief.

And when the young Indian had left, Sir William rung for his servant, and ordered pipes and brandy for two.

After the articles came, a glass of friendship drunk, and the pipes were lighted, the baronet said:

"My brother was rash when he thought to take the lives of the wife and children of Ogahtee. Had he murdered them, I would have hanged him like a dog!"

"I was a fool and walked in the dark!" replied the chief.

"Beware, and let it not occur again!" said the baronet. "They are under my protection. Thayendanegea, as yet, knows not of his father's name, or fate, or his own rights—will not, unless you attempt to injure him; then he and the tribe shall know all. Dyagetto must be left in peace, and she will be silent. Let her come and go when and where she will, without hindrance, and her tongue will be still, even though her tears fall, and her heart is heavy above the grave of Ogahtee. I will let Thayendanegea and Ipisico grow up together, learn the same lessons, take the same exercises, and when you die, if I yet live, he who proves the most worthy, shall be the next chief of the Mohawks. I have spoken!"

"The words of my brother, the great chief, are good, and my ears are opened wide to receive them, and I have swept away a place in my heart to keep them in. My breast shall be clean toward my brother, and I thank him that he has blown away the cloud of his anger. The son of Ogahtee will be a great brave—so will be Ipisico, if he listens to the teachings of my brother. If he will not, let him be a slave, and work with the squaws, for I will not know him."

"He shall have the same opportunities that are offered to Thayendanegea!" said Sir William. "If there is good blood in him, he shall lack no chance to show it!"

"My heart is glad while my brother speaks!" said the old Mohawk. "When the Great Spirit calls for me I am ready to go, for my son needs a father now no more!"

"How many warriors can your tribe number, ready for the war-path?" asked Sir William, suddenly changing the subject.

The old chief cast his eyes down and seemed to study for a while; then he replied:

"Count as many years as there are moons in two seasons. Then for every day of that time, count a warrior ready to take the war-path!"

"Between two and three thousand—the other nations as many more. I can assure the king, then, of at least fifteen thousand faithful allies in the coming struggle!" muttered Sir William.

"Are we to fight the French again?" asked the old chief, who had caught the last words of the baronet, though not intended for his ear.

"No; their power in America was forever crushed out in the last war, but there are those who would rebel against the good king, our father, beyond the great waters, and we may have to dig up the hatchet to punish them. But Aroghyadecka must keep a still mouth upon this!"

"He will; yet he will sharpen his knife, for he loves to walk the war-path!" replied the savage, whose nostrils seemed joyfully to scent blood, though afar off.

"You will exercise your warriors, and fit

them for war!" continued the baronet, but carefully conceal from them the occasion for it, which I have named to you!"

"The words of the great chief, my brother, are laws to Aroghyadecka!" said the Indian.

Sir William now filled a second glass of brandy, and the reconciliation was complete, so far as outward appearance indicated. The Indian soon after took his leave, and then the baronet sent for his steward, and gave particular directions regarding the disposition and treatment of the recent accessions to his family. He then bade him send Thayendanegea to him—also Mr. O'Whackem, the schoolmaster.

CHAPTER VII.

The schoolmaster was the first to make his appearance, perhaps because he scented brandy, for the baronet never failed to produce that article when he was in a good humor, and it is not in the creed of any true Irishman to refuse a glass of good liquor.

"I sent for you," said the baronet, when Mr. O'Whackem entered, "to instruct you that you will have three new pupils in the morning."

"Male or faymale, Sir William?"

"Both—two young Indians—one, the son of the Mohawk chief; the other, a boy whom I have adopted, a regular eagle, who will be apt to stick his talons into you if you are too rough with him—so I deem it best to warn you. His sister you will instruct with the same care and gentleness which you bestow upon my own daughters!"

"Your directions shall be duly attended to, Sir William!" said the pedagogue, with a backward scrape of his foot, and a forward snap of his head, which would have endangered a neck more slim than his.

"Take a glass of brandy—help yourself from the table there!" said the baronet.

O'Whackem dutifully obeyed the order, without the slightest hesitation. While he was drinking it off, Thayendanegea entered.

"Why did the son of Dyagetto leave the room so abruptly, with a cloud on his face, a little time ago?" asked the baronet.

"My heart was hot, for I saw an enemy before me!" replied the boy.

"Thayendanegea must learn to curb his passion in my presence!" said the baronet, sternly.

"Will the mountain torrent stop when the great chief tells it to do so? Will the eagle pause in its flight toward the sun when he calls to it? Can he tell the clouds not to rain, the winds to cease, and will they obey him?"

"No! But Thayendanegea is neither the rushing stream nor the chainless winds!"

"The hot thoughts of his heart are more free than they!"

"They must be curbed, and Thayendanegea must learn patience, else he will not be the great warrior which I would make of him!"

"Thayendanegea will try, but do not ask him to touch hands with his enemy. His heart will not hold a lie!"

"I do not require that—but the son of Dyagetto must make no quarrels in my house. Ipisico will dwell here, and if you do not like him, avoid him, but make no quarrel!"

"I care not for him—he is a squaw, and dare not look me in the eye. But his father spoke bitter words to my mother, and I will kill him for it yet!"

"Bide your time, boy, bide your time!" said the old baronet, who could not help admiring the truthful candor of the youth. "You can go now—to-morrow you will commence to study."

Thayendanegea slightly bowed his head, and turned away.

"What do you think of him, O'Whackem?" asked Sir William, after Thayendanegea had gone out.

"By my faith, sir, I believe there is a spice of the devil in him. I never saw such an eye in a human, before—it looks clean through ye!"

"There is more intelligence expressed in his face than in that of any Indian whom I ever saw before. I wish his education carefully attended to!"

"It shall be done, Sir William. Is it the classics ye'd have me induct him into as well as the lower branches?"

"No—the more useful branches! Learn

him to read and write well, and be particular in his mathematical knowledge, for he will be a great military leader yet, or my judgment is in error!"

"And the other one, Sir William—what shall I do with him?"

"The best you can; but keep a close eye upon his movements and ways. He is a snake and a spy, I expect—but let him have no hint of my suspicions. Take another glass, and leave me, I have letters to write before the carrier leaves for Albany!"

"Health and long life to yer honor! May the day be far off which opens wid sorrow for ye, Sir William!" said O'Whackem, as he tossed off his second bumper, and then strode out of the room.

"He is indeed a noble boy, and Dyagetto only uttered truth when she said that Ogah-tee's spirit seemed renewed in him!" soliloquized Sir William, when he was once more alone. "He is destined to be a great man, and it is for me to help him up the hill. He is already an orator—no one, in attitude or expression, could have excelled him when he spoke so contemptuously of Ispico, and so bitterly of his father. Boy that he is, I would rather have his love than his hate. His is the true spirit to rule a savage nation, to quell insubordination, or to urge them on to battle. Thayendanegea is the foundation of a mighty man!"

CHAPTER VIII.

The steward of Sir William introduced Onalova to his two daughters, and caused the housekeeper to prepare for her an apartment near theirs. The Indian girl was not so much of a curiosity to them, as they were to her, for, born of a fair and flaxen-haired German mother, they were more white and more beautiful in their style than anything she had ever dreamed of before. Their dress, though plain was very rich to her eye, and far more beautiful than that which she wore; but when Kathleen, the youngest, playfully dressed her in one of her own gowns, and put stockings and shoes upon her feet, poor Onalova felt as if she was in chains. Her own garb best suited the free action of her lithe figure and symmetrical limbs. And we are fain to say that no fashion in the world so becomes a faultless figure as that of an Indian maiden. The fringed jacket, *fitting*, but not compressing the bust and waist; the full skirt descending to or below the knee; the beaded moccasins, the mantle of many hued feathers, the flower-wrought wreath, over black and flowing tresses, all adorn *beauty* far more than hoops and bustles, flounces and laces, ribbons and gew-gaws. This is *my* opinion, ladies of fashion, get mad at it if you like.

The daughters of Sir William, Kathleen and Leonore, who had been brought up in great seclusion, were very much delighted at the thought of having a young companion whom they were told to treat as kindly as if she were their sister; and Onalova did not feel sad or lonely when her mother told her she was going to visit her tribe and relatives for a few days, they were so very kind to her.

All of the afternoon of the first day was spent by them in arranging and ornamenting Onalova's room, according to their ideas of comfort and taste.

Onalova looked on with astonishment and wonder, for she was so all unused to luxury and ornament, other than the flowers and gems of nature, and the feathers, and furs, and painted barks which her brother had given her, that these things seemed to her more beautiful than would the furniture of a palace to a peasant girl, fresh from her homely cot. And, unlike a warrior, or even her brother, who was a warrior in embryo, who would let nothing force an utterance of astonishment from their lips, her words of surprise and pleasure were frequent and many. This delighted the other girls, who literally despoiled their own rooms and wardrobes to furnish hers. After all was done, Kathleen cried:

"Now, Onalova, dress me in your style; I wish to see how I will look in your dress!"

"The Pale-Rose is very beautiful—I love her!" said the Indian girl, as she hastened to perform the desired toilet. "Will she be my sister?"

"Yes, and Leonore, also—we will both be sisters to you. We will learn you to write, and draw, and play the harpsichord, and you shall learn us to bead moccasins, and work

porcupine quills on the white fawn-skins, and make feather wreaths and capes."

Soon Kathleen, who was very beautiful in face and form, was arrayed in the robes of Onalova, and they added to rather than detracted from her natural loveliness. Her full bust and well-turned limbs were revealed just enough by the proportions of the dress to show how exquisitely she was formed, and her gold-hued ringlets fell down upon her white neck and shoulders as bright as sunlight upon snow. Leonore, who was ever the most quiet or the saddest of the two, was in ecstasies, and declared that she, too, must have a dress like that of Onalova. But we will leave them for an instant, for I wish to keep an eye upon the hero of my story.

When Thayendanegea left the presence of Sir William the second time, he was met in the hall by John and Guy Johnson, the son and nephew before alluded to. Both greeted him with kindness, and the elder, John, said:

"You must be my brother, Thayendanegea!"

"And mine also!" added Guy.

The young Indian regarded them both attentively for a few moments, then he extended his hand to John, and looking coldly at Guy, said:

"One brother is enough for me!"

Guy reddened with mortification, or anger, perhaps with both; but John good-naturedly said:

"If he is my brother, Guy, he is your cousin still!"

"Be a brother to him!" said Thayendanegea, pointing to Ispico, who, dressed in all his tawdry finery, stood near them, but not looking half so noble as Dyagetto's son, in his plain garb.

"I will, and you may regret the hint!" muttered Guy, as he went and joined the son of the old chief.

"Come and look at our horses!" said John to Thayendanegea. "Do you love to ride?" he added, as he led the way to the stables.

"Yes! the wild horses from the plains, that fly like the wind, and shake the ground with their mighty leaps! Yes, such ones I love to ride!"

"Then we've got one that will snit you," said the young man—"one that no one dares to back. He is so fierce and wild, that the grooms fear to take him from the stable!"

"I will ride him!" said Thayendanegea, quietly.

"But I tell you he is ungovernable!"

"I will tame him!"

"My father will let none of us mount, or a *g* to mount him!"

"I will ride him!" said the young Indian, so fiercely, that his companion was for the moment startled.

In a few moments they were at the stables, where Sir William's magnificent stud of saddle and carriage horses were kept. There were imported hunters, heavy draught horses from Flanders, and the stocky but agile ponies from Canada. But the eyes of the young Indian passed these over with scarce a glance. He looked for the tameless steed which no one dared to ride. And his dark eyes flashed proudly when he saw it—a black stallion, without a spot of white, in form the perfection of symmetry—deep-chested, thin-flanked, with a small head, a fiery eye, and great nostrils, which distended with anger at the approach of man, as if to speak his hate of those who held him in bondage. His glossy mane and tail swept nearly to the ground, and his slender limbs revealed their sinewy strength in muscle rather than in size. He was fastened to the strong posts at the head of the stall by a halter of chain, for rope would not hold him.

"Bring me a bridle!" said Thayendanegea, while he surveyed the magnificent animal with looks of the keenest admiration.

"You cannot bridle him—all the men about the stable could not do it!"

"Where are your bridles?" was the only reply that Thayendanegea condescended to make.

At the call of the young Englishman, a groom approached, who, in obedience to his order, brought a bridle, but when he was told that it was the intention of the young Indian to ride the black stallion, Vesuvius, he was horror-stricken.

"It is impossible to bridle him, let alone t...

riding of him!" said the man.

"You talk, I do!" said Thayendanegea, snatching the bridle from his hand, and a heavy whip, which he carried. He then boldly entered the stall.

"God! the beast will kick his brains out, or gnaw him up with his teeth!" cried the groom, as some of the other servants hurried to the spot.

But the young hero did not heed these remarks. He went boldly to the head of the horse, which snorted with anger, and quivered in every limb, as if about to try and burst from the strong chain which was strapped to its glossy neck. But looking right into its fiery eye, and laying his hand fearlessly upon its mane, the brave lad stroked it gently; and when it reared up, and tried to plunge upon him with its fore-feet, he scarcely moved, more than to avoid them, and as its head came down, by an adroit movement slipped the bit in its mouth, and the bridle upon its head, throwing the reins back upon the neck, ready for use.

The exclamations of the grooms, who witnessed an act which none of them would have the courage to perform, drew still more witnesses to the extraordinary spectacle, but a moment after all dispersed with a shout of terror, and sought places of safety, when they saw Thayendanegea deliberately cast off the chain from the neck of the dreaded animal and back him, rearing and plunging as he was, from the stall into the open space outside of the stable.

The moment that he was clear of the building, Thayendanegea leaped upon the back of the fiery animal, which made one or two maddened bounds, and then stood for an instant foaming and gnashing its teeth and trembling with fury before the front of the mansion, upon the porch of which Sir William and his family now stood, drawn out by the cries of the men at the stable.

"Good Heavens, the boy is mad! Vesuvius will kill him!" cried the baronet, in alarm for his new protegee.

And by the wild plunges which the maddened stallion now made—now leaping with all four feet from the ground—then rearing and whirling in circles around—then plunging forward and kicking its heels high in the air, it would seem as if no rider could keep a seat upon its back.

The daughters of Sir William screamed in terror, and even Onalova, brave as she naturally was, and used to danger as well as cognizant of, and confident in her brother's skill, held her breath when she saw how terrible the wild steed struggled to throw him.

But calmer than all, composed and easy, was the hero of the struggle. Seated as firmly as if he were a part of the horse, preserving his balance in all of its movements, he allowed it to expend its strength and fire without himself using a word or a blow. Even when it laid down and tried to roll him off, he only put his feet to the ground, and when it rose, he rose upon its back.

Finding all its efforts to cast such a rider useless, the horse, now white with sweat and foam, stood stubbornly still, and made no further movement.

Now Thayendanegea began to quietly urge it to move, talking to it kindly, patting it gently, and touching its flanks with his heels. But the stubborn animal would not step from its sulks. Suddenly, with a wild shrill yell, striking it as heavily as he could with his whip, the youth loosened his rein, and the horse, as if terror-stricken, bounded forward like a deer, close followed by the hounds. Yelling and striking the horse at every jump, the bold youth sped over the grassy plain at a frightful rate, circling here and there as his own will and strong arm enabled him to do, until after a run of twenty or thirty minutes, he found that he had the horse completely under control. Then drawing him up, he trotted him slowly back to the mansion, putting him there through various paces, and showing a complete mastery over him.

Sir William, who had at first been terrified at the danger to which the bold rider was exposed, was not only delighted to see him in safety, but at his conquest over an animal which every one, himself included, had so feared, that he was considered utterly useless, and had only been kept in consequence of his beauty.

"You have mastered Vesuvius, and henceforward he shall know no other master but Thayendanegea—he is yours!" cried the baro-

set, as the young Indian drew the noble steed up before him.

"You promised him to me, uncle!" said Guy, hastily.

"If you could ride him, and you never dared even to approach him in his stall!" said the baronet, scornfully.

"But I can ride him now," said the nephew, looking at the apparently quiet animal.

"Try it!" cried Thayendanegea, leaping from the horse, which stood motionless while he was near its head.

"Do, cousin Guy, let us see how you look on horseback!" said John, in a sarcastic tone, for he felt proud of his new brother, and angry at Guy's meanness.

"He'll hardly risk his precious neck," said Sir William, quietly.

"You shall see, sir! I can ride as well as any copper-faced Indian in the land!" cried the young man, maddened with the bantering tone of his uncle, and seizing the reins, he vaulted upon the back of the horse.

The latter, whose eyes were fixed upon his Indian master, seeming to feel that something unworthy of his touch was on his back, suddenly elevated his hind legs, and the next instant Master Guy Johnson found himself doubled up in a heap on the ground some twenty feet in front of the horse.

"You mount well, but dismount better, nephew Guy!" cried the old baronet.

"A quick ride, and soon over, cousin Guy!" shouted John.

"You may have my pony and side-saddle!" cried the merry Kathleen—"you'll do better with them!"

Guy made no answer to these sallies, but, rising, limped off, cursing as he went, but not in tones loud enough to reach the ears of his uncle.

"Take your horse, Thayendanegea," said Sir William; "I doubt whether he will ever acknowledge any master but you."

"Come!" said the young Indian, and he extended his hand toward the horse.

The animal instantly followed him, even as if he understood both word and gesture—followed him to the stable, where Thayendanegea took the bridle from him, then rubbed him down, and fed him with his own hand, for he was determined that no other should approach him now. And the horse, while he was so engaged, seemed as gentle and as fond of him as if he had been reared from a colt by him.

"What do you think of that, O'Whackem?" asked Sir William Johnson of the schoolmaster, who had been a wondering spectator of the occurrences we have just related. "Does his riding look like work in the old country?"

"Faith it does, Sir William, only a little more so. It's well for the lad he isn't down in Salem. They'd hang him for a wizard, there, sure! Faith I'd like him to tame some of the rapscallions in my school! Master Guy came nigh knocking the brains out of himself—sure if he'd struck butt end down, 'twould have been the last of him!"

"He'll know better next time," said Sir William, and then noticing for the first time the change of dress in Onalova and Kathleen, he looked attentively at both.

"Why, Kate, my girl," said he, "you'd dress in that way all the time, if you knew how well you looked!"

"I mean to father; Onalova is going to make dresses for me and Leonore!"

"I wish she'd make one for me," said John, in a low tone, looking with a glance of intense admiration upon the Indian girl.

She did not hear his words, but her eyes met his glance, and a slight blush suffused her face as she turned her eyes away from his earnest gaze.

"You had better go in, girls, the damp dews are falling, and dews are far less healthy than rain to human flowers," said the old baronet, kindly.

They obeyed, and John went to the stable to see Thayendanegea, while the baronet invited O'Whackem in to take an evening glass and smoke a pipe with him, for the old knight was ever amused by the odd conceits and expressions of his schoolmaster, who, despite his rough and uncouth appearance, was still an educated man, for he had been prepared for the priesthood in his native land, but had found such a superabundance of the carnal and such a lack of the spiritual in his composition, when he grew up to manhood, that he would not don the robes.

CHAPTER IX.

"What a noble-looking brother you have," said Leonore to Onalova, when they once more reached the sitting room, from which their bed-rooms opened.

"And what a rider! No one but him could conquer Vesuvius!" cried the lively Kathleen. "If I ever do get married, which the holy saints forbid, you must give me your brother for a husband, Onalova!"

"Will my sister give me her brother for mine?" asked the Indian girl, artlessly.

"Oh, yes, you may have John; yes, indeed!"

"Then you may have Thayendanegea!" replied Onalova.

"A bargain, and witnesses thereunto!" cried a manly voice at the door, and John, who had approached noiselessly, and heard the conversation, now entered the room with Thayendanegea.

Kathleen uttered a faint scream—she wouldn't have been in the fashion if she had not; but Onalova looked as calm and contented as if she felt that she had neither said or done anything which was worth a scream or a blush. And, contrasted with those pale-faced beauties, she seemed far the loveliest. Their superior in stature and in elegance of figure, her complexion so transparent that each vein could be traced beneath the skin, dark though it was—her large black eyes meltingly soft—her glossy hair of raven hue, as fine as silk—her features classical and perfect—her expression at once proud, yet gentle and loving in its very dignity, how could she be other than very, very beautiful!

And so thought the heir to the title and estate of Sir William Johnson, and wild and impulsive as he had ever been in his nature, and free from love, if not from passion, he now knew a feeling which had never entered his heart before. He felt as if he loved that poor Indian girl better than all the world beside. And his feelings, like those of all in their first love, were pure! No sensuality, no selfishness, no hypocrisy were mixed with them.

He now introduced Thayendanegea to his sisters as his adopted brother, and after they had given the young men seats, they did what they could to amuse them. Leonore, who drew and painted well, produced her portfolio and exhibited her drawings and sketches, while Kathleen brought out various embroideries, in which she greatly excelled.

The dark eye of Thayendanegea wandered carelessly over all the drawings, which were landscapes and sketches of birds and flowers, until at last it came to a spirited battle scene, copied by her from some old painting. Then his eye flashed, and as it noted each figure of man and horse, the living and the slain, he uttered the word:

"Good! They fight!"

Poor Kathleen felt not a little mortified that he did not speak a word of praise in regard to her work, and she thought it strange that the young Indian scarcely looked at her or her sister, and then manifested no acknowledgment of their beauty—none of the wonder which Onalova had felt and so freely uttered. She was determined to see if he had any feeling, or really was the stoic which he seemed; and thought, and justly too, that music would be the surest test; for hard is the heart, and stern the soul, which music will not melt.

She brought out her harpsichord, and, commencing with a low prelude, accompanied herself to a sweet song. Her voice was rich and full, and as she sung of love, and she seemed to feel its power, it fairly filled the room with melody. Her bosom rose and fell, and the color deepened on her cheek as she sung; but Thayendanegea remained as calm and passive as a stone, looking more at the mechanical action of her fingers upon the instrument than anything else.

Suddenly she changed the theme, and sang an ancient war-song. As her voice rose in this and thrilled out the charge and the battle's clangor, then the young Indian's eyes flashed, and his broad chest heaved, and his nostrils dilated, while his ear seemed to drink in every note.

"Good!" said he, when she, half-exhausted, closed the song.

She had touched the right chord of his nature. No carpet knight was he to list to puling strains of love, but every inch a warrior and a man, though time had not yet accorded unto him a warrior's place.

Delighted with even that success, Kathleen only paused to recover breath, and then she commenced another song—a song once more

of love.

Suddenly the sound of a drum and fife near the house was heard.

"What is that?" asked Thayendanegea, starting to his feet, and listening to the martial music, all forgetful that Kathleen was singing.

"Malcom is mustering the men for the night-guard!" said young Johnson.

"Let us go—I like that music—I want to see them! Can they fight?"

"They did in the war with the French!"

"I must see them! I love to look at warriors!" said Thayendanegea, not appearing to heed the presence of the girls in the slightest degree.

Young Johnson would gladly have lingered there longer, so as to have conversed with Onalova, but the impatience of her brother could not be checked, and the two young men went out to attend the parade of the guard.

CHAPTER X.

Back into a grove in the rear of the mansion strode Guy Johnson, after his discomfiture related at the close of the eighth chapter. And as he went he bit his lips until the blood ran from them, and actually wept from anger and mortification. And curses, bitter and deep and all too wild for utterance from lips so young, burst forth as he passed on, until he reached a mossy bank, beneath the shade of some tall pines, upon which he cast himself.

Then he heard light foot-steps behind him, and knew for the first time that he was followed. Looking back, he found that it was Ipiisco.

"My heart is sad for my brother, and angry with his enemy!" said the young Indian.

"Who is my enemy?" asked Guy, angrily.

"Who but this Thayendanegea, who is also my enemy—who but he, that comes from no one knows where, and is no one knows what? Who but he?"

"True, Ipiisco, he is an unknown upstart; but I will humble his pride! I'll take the starch out of his ruffles yet!" cried Guy.

"I will kill him for my brother—will watch him close, and when he sleeps my knife shall drink his blood!"

"No—that will not do here! My uncle has taken a fancy to him, and were his blood shed, he would find all out, and hang any one concerned in the deed, even if it were me, his own brother's son!"

"I will kill the horse which threw my brother, then! That will touch the heart of our enemy, for it will spoil his triumph!"

"Yes, you may do that! It will touch him to the quick. The horse should have been mine at any rate—and you may kill the snow-white pony in the stable which belongs to my cousin Kathleen, for she, too, dared to taunt me when I was thrown, I will be revenged upon all of them. I care not what it costs!"

"My brother is a great brave! And so am I. I will help him to crush his enemies! My heart is big, and I fear nothing!" said Ipiisco, swelling up as proudly as a peacock on a sunny morning in a clover field.

"The son of Aroghyadecka lies!" said a deep, hollow voice in the rear, and both of the young men sprang to their feet, and looked around to see from whence the voice proceeded.

No one was in sight. Guy turned as pale as a sheet and trembled with fear, while Ipiisco seemed even more terrified than he.

"What was it?" asked Guy, in a hoarse whisper.

"A spirit—let us go from here!" said Ipiisco, while his teeth clattered together with his shivering fear.

"Stay!" said the same voice, in a hollow tone.

"The Lord save us—what can it be?" gasped Guy, and he sunk down to the ground from the very weakness of his abject fear.

Ipiisco also cowered down to the earth, and drew his embroidered blanket over his head, as if to hide from his view some horrible vision which his terror painted to his mind.

"Who spoke?" at last said Guy, gathering courage, because he saw some one approaching, at a distance, from toward the mansion. To this question he received no reply, and seeing that those who were approaching were

no other than his uncle and the schoolmaster, who frequently walked in the grove while they talked and smoked their evening pipes he said:

"Rouse up, Ipsico, rouse up, and act like a man. I'm not afraid!"

"'Tis false!" said the same hollow voice, and Guy, even though his uncle was now close by, started from the spot, and hurried away, as if death was in the very atmosphere of the place.

"What the deuce is the matter here? My nephew running away like a scared sheep, and this cub Indian doubled up in a heap, with his blanket over his head!" cried Sir William, as he approached the spot.

"Get up, Ipsico. What are you trembling for?"

"A spirit, great chief, a spirit!" moaned the Indian.

"The spirit of the devil!"

"Yes, great chief, yes—it spoke to us!"

"Here, you Guy, come back here and tell us what this means!" shouted Sir John to his nephew, who was yet within call, although hurrying toward the house.

With a downcast face, and a sheepish expression, the young man came back and told Sir William that, while he and Ipsico were talking, a strange voice spoke to them, and not being able to discover any one, they were frightened, because they believed it to be a spirit.

"You are both fools and cowards!" said Sir William, contemptuously, for he was no believer in spirits. "Look around among the trees, O'Whackem, and see if there is any one about!"

"Divil the one, Sir William!" replied the latter, after making a thorough search. "Perhaps they were a plotting some kind o' mischief, and 'twas the voice of conscience that spoke to 'em. I've heard of the likes o' that—of voices that wouldn't let the murderer slape, or the wicked one rest!"

"They had better beware how they plot any mischief, or attempt to execute it on my domain!" said Sir William, sternly. "I will make brief trial and speedy punishment redress all evil here! Of that, Master Guy, you and your friend can remain assured!"

Having said this, he walked on, and soon disappeared in the darker recesses of the grove, with O'Whackem, while Guy and his companion hastened to the house, for they dared not stay there.

They had been gone but a few moments, when from the thick branches of a short, stumpy spruce, a man descended. His garb and features were those of an Indian, but his face was bleached almost to whiteness, as if by long illness or confinement. His frame was attenuated, his eyes sunken, and his hair long and white as snow. He looked the very picture of one who had suffered long, and become old before his time.

He said nothing, but shook his clenched hand threateningly in the direction which had been taken by the young men, and then walked away in a route different from that taken by Sir William, yet one leading into the densest part of the grove. His steps were now and feeble, for he seemed half famished and very weak.

CHAPTER XI.

When Dyagetto returned to the village from which she had been absent so many years, at first scarce one of her former acquaintances, or even her relatives, knew her; for she was young, and exceedingly beautiful, when she suddenly disappeared from them, with her two little children—one a babe, and the other just able to walk. It was on the night after the body of her husband—brutally murdered, and so disfigured that he could only be recognized by his clothing and weapons—had been discovered near his wigwam; and many supposed that, in her frenzy, she had cast herself and her children into the swift rapids of the "Little Falls" of the Mohawk, near which she dwelt at that time. But some there were who knew of the ambition of one man in the tribe, and of his enmity to Ogahtee, who had won Dyagetto, though the first was also a suitor for her hand, who felt more than a mere suspicion that he had removed her and the heir to the chieftainship of Ogahtee, that he might, through a strange influence which he held over Sir William Johnson, the king's superintendent, be elevated to the murdered

chieftain's place. And though Aroghyadecka got the place, and was brave, wise, and politic, and, by his liberality to his tribe and his own self-denial, managed to become popular with most of his people—although, as I said before, some there were who regarded him with dark suspicion; for the murderer of Ogahtee was never known with certainty, although the charge was laid to an Onondago Indian, who disappeared that night from their village, where he had a squaw, and was never seen again.

But when Dyagetto told her name, and her altered features were remembered, great were the rejoicings of her relatives, and warm was the welcome which was given to the widow of the late chief. But when she was questioned about her absence, where had she been, and where were her children, she was silent, only telling them that it was not the will of the Great Spirit that she should then inform them, but in time they should know all.

They hastily prepared a feast for her, and all of the head women of the tribe gathered there to do her honor. With sad dignity she received and thanked them; but, while she begged them to eat and be merry, she refused, for, said she:

"My heart is very heavy! I remember Ogahtee, and look back through the darkness, and the rain of many tears, to the bright time when he placed the love-wreath upon my head! Let me go to his grave and weep, and then, when my heart is more light, I will come and hear your songs."

They could but assent, and honor her for that sorrow which time could not lessen, but which was still fresh, like the ever-living spring, or that plant which lives while love lives, or the opal-gem which shines until affliction dies.

And we will leave her to make that sad pilgrimage amid moonlight and shadow—for scattered clouds were moving athwart the sky—while we look elsewhere to the doings of another of the characters in our life-drama.

Down below the Little Falls only a short distance, upon the southern bank of the river, was a deep ravine, which appeared—although no water ran through it then—to have been deeply cut in the lofty precipice of rock which overhangs that bank by a stream, for the marks of the torrent were plainly to be seen in the gullied, and seamed, and smooth-worn rocks on either side. It was a dark and gloomy gorge, too narrow and too rough to invite the tread of man, and so overhung with thick evergreens and tangled vines, that not even the sun, at mid-day, could pierce its gloom.

Into this gorge, on the night of the same day when he had left Ipsico in the care of Sir William Johnson, at or near the hour of midnight, old Aroghyadecka might have been seen to enter. His step was light and cautious, and he frequently looked back to see if any one had followed him or was watching his motions. He bore in one hand a willow basket, which contained a quantity of dried meats; with the other he carried his gun. Slowly up the dark ravine, along a path which nothing but being used to could enable him to tread, he made his way, pausing, every little while, to listen. Along thus he went, until he reached the face of a rock which seemed to jut out so as to admit of no further passage in that direction, and where the ravine narrowed to not more than ten feet at the bottom, and less at the top. With a light bound he crossed to a ledge upon the other side, turned a projecting corner, and stood in a small cave or recess, which, at a first glance, looked as if it had been quarried out by the hand of man; yet it was natural.

Here he paused, and, taking out flint and steel, soon struck a light, and ignited a torch of light-wood, of which there was a small store piled in the cave. Sticking this in a crevice of the rock, he took away a heavy square stone, which he could barely lift, from the back part of the small cave, and then it could be seen that this was really only the mouth of a large cave beyond, which had been walled up, for from far within the dark and gloomy space beyond could be heard the sound of falling waters. A buckskin rope appeared to be fastened to a wooden peg inside, and, taking hold of it, he commenced pulling it in. After drawing up some forty or fifty feet, an empty basket appeared at its end.

"He lives yet," muttered the old chief; "he has used up all his food."

Detaching the empty basket, he fastened to the rope the one he had brought, and then

lowered it down into the cavern.

"Eat, dog—eat and live!" he cried, as he lowered away the food. "Live, and remember Dyagetto and the revenge of Aroghyadecka!"

Hollow and far-sounding echoes came back from the depths below, but no human voice made reply.

"He must be getting weak, he does not curse me, as was his wont. It is time he died! I'll bring him food no more, but let him perish now; for even I am satisfied! He shall have death, and that is mercy!" said the old chief.

He now replaced the stone in the aperture, and, kicking the basket down into a crevice between the rocks, leaped over to the other side, and returned the way that he came, extinguishing his light before he left the place.

CHAPTER XII.

When Dyagetto left her relatives and friends at the feast, that she might go and weep away the heaviness of her heart, she passed up the steep hill-side from the river to the sacred ground where, for many years, that village of the Mohawks had laid their dead. It was in a maple grove, though here and there a pine or spruce lifted its stately form, towering, with evergreen head, far above its more mortal fellows which changed with every season. And there, among the many mounds, she found one beneath the wide-spread branches of a tamarac tree, beside which she knelt and sobbed, pouring out the hot tears upon the grassy sod like the warm rain of a summer shower.

"Ogahtee, my first love and my last!" she moaned. "Once more beside thee, once more above thee, soon I will join thee. Look down, oh, spirit of Ogahtee! look down from the happy hunting-grounds, and see who it is that weeps beside thy grave—who it is that prays for sleep upon thy bosom!"

Thus, for hours, she mourned, sobbing until she was weary and sick, when suddenly the sound of approaching footsteps fell upon her ear, and she arose and drew close up to the shadowy trunk of the tamarac.

At that instant "the moon came out from behind a cloud"—no, the cloud passed from over the face of the moon—and she saw who it was that approached. It was Aroghyadecka, returning from his visit to the ravine and cave—his mysterious midnight expedition.

Stepping boldly out from the shade, which would have concealed her, had she so desired, she confronted him in his path, and, in a deep and bitter tone, while she pointed at Ogahtee's grave, said:

"Well met, well met, murderer! You call yourself a great brave! Slay me now, that I may sleep there beside my husband! Come, shoot, stab, and scalp! There are no soldiers here now to hinder! Strike, coward—I am only a woman!"

"Not for a thousand beaver-skins would I harm a hair of Dyagetto's head!" said the old chief, who was trembling with the agitation of this sudden meeting.

"What a change between sunrise and midnight!" she cried, sneeringly. "This morning you wanted to kill me and my children!"

"I have had a dream, and would not harm them now for the world!" said the old chief.

"A dream in the day—a dream without sleep?" she sneered.

"It matters not. Their lives are safe. I seek no quarrel with Dyagetto. Let us be at peace."

"At peace with the murderer of my husband?"

"I did not kill your husband!"

"Liar!"

"By the Great Spirit, I swear I did not!" said the old chief, solemnly.

"Kneel down by his grave, and swear it!" cried the woman, sternly.

"I swear that I did not kill your husband!" reiterated the chief, as he knelt upon the spot indicated by her finger.

"Nor cause him to be slain?" she continued.

"Nor caused him to be slain!" repeated the chief, solemnly.

For a moment the woman looked him sternly in the face, as if she would search his heart and soul, and he did not quail, or shrink from her gaze.

"If thy lips have uttered a falsehood, may the Great Spirit blast you with his curse—make you childless—deny you death, and

make life terrible all the while!" she said, at last.

"My lips have spoken truth!" he said, as he rose. "I would be Dyagetto's friend!"

"When she takes an adder into her bosom and it harms her not—when the hungered panther spares the helpless doe—when fishes walk on land—when all men speak only truth—when blood is white, and fire is cold—then I will consent to be the friend of Aroghyadecka!" said she, bitterly, and she turned haughtily away, and walked toward the village, leaving him standing upon the spot where she had intercepted him.

His face darkened with a scowl of the deadliest hate, as he watched her receding form.

"My time will come, squaw—my time will come!" he said, bitterly. "You shall weep for more than a husband! The young eagle that looks so high shall come down, and the young fawn of your bosom shall drink muddy water! Aroghyadecka is not done yet. He has not forgotten who scorned his love, and threw his presents back into his face! He is no child now; his heart is of stone; his will is like the oak—it may bend, but it will not break! His revenge is slow, but sure! Dyagetto sheds tears of water now, but tears of blood shall come! I have the power, and will use it. What do I fear? Nothing! My heart is big, and my strength—"

A hollow groan—a deep and awful sound, which seemed to come right up from the grave beside which he had so lately knelt—broke upon his ear, and choked his utterance in an instant. And it so terrified him that he fled from the spot with a speed which the pursuit of a hundred foes would not have got out of him. Without once looking back, or pausing for an instant, he fled away, nor did he stop until he was once more safe beneath the bark roof of his wigwam.

Once there, he began to consider what it was that had so terrified him. Naturally superstitious, he finally concluded that it must have been, what in his terror he first believed it to be, a spirit—the spirit of one from the grave!

CHAPTER XIII.

Weeks rolled on, and to Thayendanegea they did not pass unpleasantly. Pleased with and very attentive to his studies, he became a great favorite with Mr. O'Whackem, who, even had he not been, would not have dared to use the birch upon him as he did upon some other of his pupils, for he had seen enough of the young "Eagle" to pay proper respect to his talons, which were as ready as his talents.

And with the rise of the sun each morning, he led out his fiery stallion, and, springing upon his back, bounded away for miles over the plains that lay so level on the plateau above the Mohawk. The horse now seemed to be as fond of his young master as the latter was of him—would go and come at his call—kneel for him to mount, and act as gently as a lady's palfrey, without any one else attempted to mount, or even approach him. Not a groom about the stable, or a man upon the premises, could do so, without his relaxing into his former terrible ferocity. Toward Guy Johnson he exhibited a fiercer hatred than to all the rest, and even Thayendanegea could scarcely restrain him from plunging upon him when his eyes fell upon the young man, who, however, took the best of care to keep out of his way.

And at night, or rather in the afternoon, when the sun began to sink in the west, and the cool breezes to breathe amid the trees, the young ladies and their brother John, and Onalova, all well mounted, would gallop out with Thayendanegea, and sometimes the old baronet, mounted upon a sturdy hunter, would join the cavalcade.

At other times, when free from their studies, John instructed Thayendanegea in the use of the sword, but soon found that his pupil was his equal if not his master; and when it came to the use of the tomahawk, the bow, or even the rifle, Thayendanegea had no equal on the estate—not one who could even approach to his skill.

With two exceptions, the young Indian had not an enemy on the place—not even through envy, that most potent of enemy-makers. The men liked him for his skill, his willingness, good nature, and courage—the women, for his manly beauty, combined with these, though to them he paid scarcely any atten-

tion.

The exceptions were Guy Johnson and Ipisico. The former had never forgiven the first slight put upon him by Thayendanegea, nor his toss from the black stallion—nor the son of Aroghyadecka, that he was looked upon as a "crow" and a "squaw" by the dashing and fearless young warrior, who never for a moment, in any position, attempted to conceal his contempt for him, or his hatred of his father!

One evening, some four weeks after Thayendanegea had become a member of Sir William's family, the cavalcade alluded to above, including Sir William, started upon an evening ride. Kathleen was mounted upon her pretty white pony—Leonore upon a more sober bay filly—Onalova upon a vicious little spotted pony, as full of "Old Nick" as herself when she wanted to be—John upon a spirited, blooded animal, imported from England, and Sir William upon his favorite hunter. Of course, Vesuvius and his bold rider led the van.

The evening was rather close, and the day had been hot, and, as it was that season in the latter part of summer when sudden thunderstorms are common, the proposed ride was not intended to be a long one.

Seated in a shady spot near the house, Guy and his inseparable Ipisico, with lowering looks, watched the gay party as they rode off, for, though invited by Sir William, they never could be induced to join in these rides, except by a positive command, which he would not give; for, fond of enjoyment himself, he would not mar that of others, by forcing upon them unwilling and disagreeable company. For disagreeable it would have been. Ipisico was not liked by any of the party, for he had become morose, sullen, and sulky—and Guy was only liked by one, the gentle Leonore, who had been a favorite of his father while he lived, and who, at an early age, had, by the mutual agreement of the two parent-brothers, been betrothed to Guy, whom she was to marry when he arrived at his majority.

In her woman-heart she pitied him when she saw that others disliked him, and, while they magnified his many faults, her sympathy caused her to overlook them entirely. She was his frequent defender before Sir William, and even gently chided those who spoke ill of him, for she never got angry, and could not speak rudely to any one.

But to return. With scowling looks, Guy and his companion regarded the gay party which rode by them.

"I thought," said Guy to the other, "that you had promised to kill that cursed black stallion and the white pony for me!"

"I did so promise, my brother," replied the Indian. "But I was afraid of the spirit that heard us when we spoke in the woods there." And he pointed to the grove where they had been so terrified.

"Bah! We only dreamed we heard something—I've almost forgotten it," replied Guy, with a shrug of his shoulders and a curl of his thin lip.

"It was a very loud dream, and I cannot forget it," replied the young Indian.

"Very well—if you are such a coward, and cannot keep your promises, I do not want you for a brother. You can go and play with the women!"

"I am no coward," said Ipisico, fiercely; "I will kill the horses this night!"

"Do it, and I will give you a new rifle," said the young conspirator. "I am sick of seeing people happy while I am wretched! If I must live in a cloud, they shall not have all sunshine, if I can help it!"

"My brother speaks wise words! When he sits in a cloud, am not I, too, in the dark? The cold which makes him shiver is felt by Ipisico. The enemies of my brother are my enemies, and I will eat their hearts!"

"Big words—big words! Do, and then I will believe you," said Guy.

"Look, there is a great storm coming," said the Indian, pointing to a huge black cloud which seemed to have risen in an instant, and with wonderful rapidity was overspreading the sky in the north-west.

"Good—they'll get a thorough soaking, if nothing else, and we, too, if we don't go to the house," said Guy, as he moved off toward the mansion, chuckling at the idea that the party would be out in the storm.

CHAPTER XIV.

The air being more cool and pleasant as the evening drew on, the ride of Sir William and his party was extended much further than they had at first intended. Indeed, with free reins, they had galloped several miles along the carriage road toward the Sacandaga, which the baronet had caused to be made for his convenience in going to his favorite resort for hunting water fowl and fishing—the spot known then, and now, as the "Fisa House," and the *Vlaie's* adjoining.

And riding on so merrily, with tall trees on either side of them, they had not noticed the rising storm. The very first intimation which they had of it, was the sudden cessation of the breeze that had been rustling the leaves, and the actions of the birds, that ceased to sing, and flew, affrighted, to seek covert where best they might. Then a startling clap of thunder pealed from the gathering blackness overhead, and echoed far and wide through the wild-wood. The horses, with the instinct of their natures, huddled closely together and trembled, all but Vesuvius, who snorted and bounded gladly, as if he liked the coming storm, which was so like his own wild nature.

"Turn and ride fast, girls!" exclaimed the baronet; "a storm like that which threatens us now is better met anywhere than in the forest!"

They quickly obeyed, while the swift-gathering blackness above cast a gloom upon all below, and peal after peal of loud thunder, preceded by flashes of lurid lightning, rolled along the sky, and almost deafened them. And in great drops, at first, then literally in torrents, the rain poured down, wetting them to the skins; and then, just as they arrived at a very small clearing—which had been made by the laborers who made the road when they encamped there for some time, and in cutting timber for a bridge—the fearful force of a hurricane burst upon them in its terrible might. It was so strong that it drove the heavy rain along horizontally, in a fine mist, sent limbs and leaves flying through the air, and dashed hundreds of trees in every direction to the earth.

"My father must not ride on—the great trees will fall and crush him!" said Thayendanegea to Sir William, who, in his fear and confusion of mind, was trying to spur his horse past the opening, which was their only place of safety from breaking limbs and falling trees; and the young Indian gently, but firmly, seized the bridle of the baronet's horse, and led him into the centre of the cleared space, beckoning to the others to follow.

This they did as best they were able, for their terrified horses were almost unmanageable. Yet the black stallion showed no more sign of fear than his master.

"By my life, lad, but thy coolness has saved the whole of us!" exclaimed the baronet, as he dismounted from his horse, and regarded anxiously the falling trees and huge branches, which were feeling the force of the hurricane. "Dismount, children—your horses may start, and it would be death, certain death, to ride along that road now."

All obeyed but Thayendanegea, whose horse was perfectly manageable and quiet; and Kathleen, who, ever willful, and wishing to appear well in the eyes of the young brave, would not leave her saddle, though the white pony was quite as uneasy as any other of the horses.

Soon she had cause to regret this recklessness; for, as a huge old hemlock came crashing to the ground, but a few yards from them, the pony took fright, and, in spite of voice and rein, bounded down the road, and she could not stop him.

"Do not move!" cried Thayendanegea to her terrified father and relatives; "I will save her!"

And he gave a loose rein to his noble horse, and with a word urged him forward. In a moment—and it was not a second too soon—he was at her side, for a huge old pine, that had numbered centuries where it stood, reeled an instant, and came crashing through the other trees, right toward the spot where she was. With a giant's strength, the young Indian bent and snatched her from the saddle with one arm, while he wheeled his horse with the other, and struck him in the flanks with both heels. With one mighty bound, the horse leaped back clear of the danger, while the pony, freed from its burthen, bounded forward, and escaped being crushed by only a few feet, and the huge tree fell exactly where

she would have been had it not been for the arm of the bold young brave.

Thayendanegea, bearing Kathleen tenderly in his arms—for she was now senseless from terror—rode back to the group in the clearing, and resigned her to the care of her father and sister, who, almost dumb with fear and anxiety, had witnessed her peril and her rescue.

"God's life, lad! you have done a deed of which any knight in Christendom would be proud! You have saved my daughter's life! Ask any gift in my power, and it shall be thine! Speak out, lad, and be not afraid of any denial!" cried the overjoyed baronet. "Even if it be her hand as thy bride, thou shalt have it!"

"Thayendanegea asks nothing. The Pale-Rose is safe, and he is contented!" said the brave youth, even though her eyes were opening upon him with a look of love and gratitude, for she had so far recovered as to hear and understand her father's words.

She sighed as she heard his calm reply, and her bosom rose and fell, and the color in her cheeks went and came, and two pearly tears came out of her great blue eyes, and stole silently down her cheeks—wherefore, she scarcely dared to ask herself.

The storm passed away almost as rapidly as it had come up, and before the hour of the sun's setting arrived, all was still again, and not a cloud obscured its golden path when it went down beneath the blue-hilled horizon in the west.

Thayendanegea brought back the white pony, which had stopped just beyond the great fallen pine, too much terror-stricken to run further, and the party remounted, now resumed their way toward Johnson Hall, although they could proceed but slowly in consequence of the many fallen trees across their path, most of which they were obliged to pass around, for they were so protected by their *chevaux-de-frise* of branches that to leap over them was frequently impossible.

Night was upon them before they emerged from the wood, but the bright moon and countless stars shone from a cloudless sky, and darkness did not incommode them. The atmosphere, made cool and pure by the electricity of the storm, was bracing and delightful, and the past danger was almost forgotten in the pleasure of the present, except by one, who, silent and half-tearful, rode as near to her preserver as she could. I need not say who it was.

When the party arrived at the hall, Ispico and Guy were on the piazza watching them.

"By heaven! they are all back safe!" muttered Guy, discontentedly, as they rode up. "The devil wouldn't hear my prayer, or two of them would have had their necks broken!"

"The Great Spirit must have held his hand above them!" said the Indian.

"Remember the white pony and the black stallion, to-night!" said Guy, as he rose and went into the house, so as to avoid the necessity of speaking to the party who were dismounting.

"I have spoken, and I will do that which my brother wants done!" said the young Indian, as he followed.

CHAPTER XV.

Night, still and calm, lay lightly over the earth, for the moon and stars looked softly down upon it, mirroring their sweet faces in the lakes, silvering the rippling streams and gemming the cascades and rushing brooks—making the dew-drops glitter on the spray, and peeping in amid the branches and the flowers, playing hide-and-seek with the shadows as the branches gently waved to and fro.

It was midnight, or after, when Sir William,—who ever slept lightly, he had lived so long amid danger—was aroused by the most terrible shrieks and outcries in the direction of the stables, also by the wild, shrill neighings of a horse.

Hurriedly he arose, threw on a night-wrapper, thrust his feet into a pair of slippers, and hurried out to see what was the matter. On his way to the door, he met his son John and also Thayendanegea, who had been aroused by the same alarm. And as they went toward the stables they found several of the servants hurrying thitherward; but what most astonished them, was the sight of two of the grooms, who slept in the loft over the stables, dragging forth the body of what seemed to be an Indian, but so horribly crushed and dis-

figured about the face and body that he hardly looked like a human being.

"Who is this, and what is the matter?" cried the baronet, as he approached the spot where the men, without much care, had tossed their bloody burden upon the turned-up bottom of an old sleigh body.

"It is that bloody young Injin that your honor has been treating so well, and without he is plum dead, he hasn't got half what he deserves, sir!" said the groom.

"What, Ispico? What has he been doing?"

"Look at the knife still in his hand, sir! The white pony which you gave twenty guineas for—the one that Miss Kathleen rides—lies in the stall with its throat cut—and the red hound was going to serve the black stallion the same way, but the biter got bit there, thank the Lord! The stallion wasn't to be caught napping, and has kicked the life out of the murdering villain, I hope!"

"God's life, what a wretch! What can this mean? Who can have put the young fiend up to this work? He surely had no reason for such a dastardly act. Some one must have impelled him to it!"

"Where is Guy? He must sleep very sound not to be awakened by all the noise which has been made!" said John.

"Go and find him! This matter must be investigated. And call Doctor Daly: we must get life enough into this groaning dog to find out why he did it!" cried Sir William.

Thayendanegea, who had been to the stable to see if his horse was injured, now returned, and while John hurried to fulfill his father's orders, the young brave stood with folded arms and regarded the writhings and groanings of the injured Ispico with unconcealed pleasure.

"Vesuvius has spoiled the beauty of the Squaw-face!" he said, as he looked at the scarcely discernible features of the young Indian, and remembered how much he had prided himself upon the regularity of those features.

In a few moments, John returned with the doctor, and also reported that he had found Guy asleep. "But," he added to Thayendanegea, in a low tone, "I believe he was playing possum, for he never was so hard to wake before!"

"He is a snake, and Ispico has been his tool! Both are fools!" replied the young brave, in a tone as low as that used by the other.

"Well, doctor, how badly is the dog hurt?" asked the baronet, after the physician had spent some time in examining the Indian with true professional roughness.

In a brogue so rich and sweet that it would have delighted an office-seeking Scott, even more than "the foreign accent of the German," Doctor Daly replied:

"Bedad, it's as purty a smash-up as ever I saw, Sir William! One arm broken, a shoulder knocked out of joint, a collar-bone splintered, three or four ribs staved in, a jaw-bone cracked, a nose flattened into nothing, and half the teeth dropped out or swallowed! Bejabers, it's as purty a piece of work as I've seen since I left the ould country!"

"Will the fellow die or live?"

"Sure, sir, if he's properly attended to, I don't see why he should die; but he'll need a deal of mending to put him in any kind of shape, and the beauty of the baste, if ever he had any, is gone from him forever. The whole print of a horse's foot will remain in his ugly countenance till he dies and rots!"

"So much the better!" said the baronet. "Can he answer a question?"

"Not with that broken jaw of his very easily, Sir William; but wait till I wash the blood down his throat with a drop o' brandy, and maybe he'll understand one, and answer ye by signs."

"What is the matter here? Why, is this Ispico, poor Ispico?" asked Guy, who now came forward, drowsily, as if just awakened from a sleep as deep as that which held Rip Van Winkle in bonds.

"You recognize him more quickly than I could," said the baronet, casting a suspicious glance at his nephew.

"I knew him by his dress—how did he get hurt?" asked the innocent Guy, approaching still closer, and bending over the bleeding youth.

"Betray me not, or you die!" he whispered, as the young Indian's eyes opened upon him.

But the latter, who could not speak, ex-

hibited no pleasure at seeing him; but, on the contrary, the most violent anger, pushing him away with his sound arm.

"Who told you to kill the horses?" asked Sir William, seeing that the Indian was conscious.

The latter pointed to Guy, and vainly tried to speak.

"It is an infernal lie—I never did!" shouted Guy.

"An' what did you bid him not to betray you for, just now, sir?" asked the physician, who had overheard his whispered caution and threat.

"I did not!" boldly replied the blushing young man.

"You didn't whisper to him, but a blessed moment ago, 'Betray me not, or you die!' and I didn't hear you do it?"

"No!"

"Ispico, ye red rascal, ye'll not tell a lie when mayhap you'll die in an hour. Did Master Guy there caution or threaten you, or not?"

The young Indian, though writhing with pain, nodded his head affirmatively.

"It is a vile lie—you both lie!" shouted Guy, now livid with rage, at being so fairly cornered.

"Master Guy Johnson, you are the nephew of a baronet, and the son of an Irish gentleman, and I'm only a poor follower of the great Esculapius, but, by the powers o' light and darkness, if you don't ate those words, and apologize for them in just one minute, I'll horsewhip you till you wear all the colors of the rainbow on your dirty back!" said the doctor, dropping his instruments and snatching up a team-whip, which happened to be lying near at hand.

"Touch me if you dare, you miserable devil!" shouted Guy, who was now actually beside himself with rage, forgetting who was by.

The doctor waited for no second invitation, but plied the whip with a heavy and a skillful hand, and with such effect that Guy in an instant ran yelling to the house, pursued by his now heated punisher, who gave him a cut at every leap, and only relinquished the pursuit when the young villain had entered the house.

The doctor now returned to the baronet, and said:

"I beg your pardon, Sir William, for using this weapon in your presence, but I've borne insult and injury too long from that fellow to stand more, and I'll let no man living call me a liar to my face, when I'm only spaking truth before God and man!"

"I do not blame you at all, Daly," said Sir William; "he richly deserved more than you gave him, and if he were not the son of my dead brother, he should not rest another hour beneath my roof!"

"Would you have me patch up this oit o' disfiguration, Sir William?" asked the doctor, much pleased at not incurring blame from his patron, while he pointed at Ispico.

"Yes, do the best you can for him. I do not blame him so much now as I did; for I see plainly that Guy has but used him as a tool in the matter. The Indian knew no better, and Guy did. Use all your care and skill for the poor devil—when he gets able to talk he may tell us all about it!"

Ispico, whose eyes till now had only flashed anger and hatred, seemed touched by these words of the old nobleman, and seizing the hand of the latter, he pressed it to his heart, and looked grateful at him, as if to express thanks for the one kind expression, when he so little deserved it.

"Let the men carry him in carefully, Daly!" said the baronet, "and order anything from my stores which you deem necessary."

"I'll do all that lays in my power, Sir William!" said the doctor, as the baronet returned to his house and bed, for the chill night air did not feel very comfortable to an elderly man, thinly dressed.

"I didn't know that you was a master of two professions before, doctor!" said John Johnson, after his father had left.

"It bothers the sowl o' me to know what ye mane, Master John!" said the doctor, with a puzzled look.

"Why, you're a doctor to begin with, and a first-rate dancing-master to boot. I never saw any one learn a running hornpipe quicker than cousin Guy did, just now, in all my life!"

"Faith, if he keeps on as he's begun, he'll learn, like Dick Turpin, to dance on nothin' in the end, with a bit o' twisted flax knotted under his ear! One thing is sure, he'll never die like a Christian, in his bed, or, like a dacent man, on the field of honor!"

"Maybe he'll challenge you in the morning," said John, with a laugh.

"Divil the bit will he. There's no such good luck in store for Pat Daly as to make him die a gintale death, with a bit o' lead snug laid in the right spot. But if he can hire a red nager—I beg your pardon, Master Thayendanega, it's not the likes o' you I mane, so you needn't look so black at me—if, I say, he can hire some one to stick a knife into me in the night-time, why he'll be just the one to get *that* sort o' satisfaction. But I'll be as like a potato as if I was one—blessed be the esculent forever, for it's the Paradise-apple of my country—eyes all over and none o' 'em aslape!"

"Hardly would he dare that!" said John.

"The divil trust him for all me. The man that would have the throat of a poor baste cut to spite a poor, tender-hearted young lady, wouldn't spare me, I'm sure!" said the doctor.

While this conversation was going on, the physician had been busy in preparing Ispico for removal, and he now bade the men around to take him up carefully, and carry him to the neat little hospital which Sir William had built near his mansion.

CHAPTER XVI.

Upon the morning after the occurrences above mentioned, Sir William sent for his nephew, ordering that he should come to him in his library.

After considerable delay, the young man made his appearance, looking very much as one would who had been caught stealing a sheep, whipping a woman, or in some other equally despicable action.

"You are very tardy, nephew Guy, in obeying my summons, this morning," said Sir William, not angrily, for he had just taken his "morning nip," to get up an appetite for breakfast. "Methinks, if I'd sent Dr. Daly after you, he would have hurried you up a little. He is a famous hand at that! I could but admire your agility, and his skill, last night!"

"It shall cost him his life!" muttered the youth, angrily.

"Tut, tut, sir! no such threats in my presence, or you will make me angry, and I'll cool you down with a few weeks on bread and water, in a dungeon. Dr. Daly is a gentleman, and had he not properly resented your base insult, last night, I should have deemed it my duty to punish you. He did perfectly right, sir, and your legs saved you from what you richly merited, twice as hard a flogging as he gave you. But it was not that of which I intended to speak when I sent for you. I now wish to know why you hired or persuaded Ispico to kill Kathleen's pony, and to try and kill the horse that I gave to Thayendanega?"

"Uncle, I did not—"

"Tut, tut, boy! you need not deny it! I heard you warn the Indian, as well as did the doctor. I detest a liar, and falsehood only lessens you in my eyes. It blackens every error to deny it. Reply to my question!"

"You promised the horse to me, and then gave it to that upstart Indian!" replied Guy, sullenly.

"I wish that you possessed one-twentieth part of the honor, courage, and true manhood of that Indian boy! But about the horse. You never could ride him, never even attempted to fulfill the conditions upon which he was promised to you, until he was given away, and then, when you tried, you was off like a rotten apple shaken from a tree. But why, in Heaven's name, did you make him kill poor Kathleen's pony?"

"Because she taunted me when I was thrown, and offered me her pony and side-saddle to ride!"

"Mere girlish play, and unworthy of notice from you, who, at your age, ought to be a man!"

"Besides, she is in love with this Thayendanega!" said Guy.

"What is that to you? If she is, she only acknowledges the worth of a noble heart, and I am glad of it. But yesterday he saved her life at the peril of his own. If he were to ask her hand, at a proper age, it should never

be denied to him by me. But of that no more. You have done *very* wrong, so wrong that were it not for the memory of your dead father, I would not let you rest beneath my roof another day! As it is, you must submit to punishment which will teach you better hereafter!"

Guy was startled at the thought of being deprived of a home, for, if his uncle cast him off, he was penniless. Moreover, he loved Leonore as much as, in his selfish nature, he was capable of loving, and hoped, when he was once united to her, to be made independent by the dowry which she would receive from a fond and indulgent father. Therefore, he felt that it was time for him to lower his colors, and act humble, even if he felt no humility.

"I am very sorry for what I have done, sir, and will meet the penalty without a murmur!" he said, in a contrite tone.

"If your penitence is not assumed, I am glad to see it!" said the baronet. "Hitherto your spending allowance has been the same that I have given to John—five guineas a month. Half of that I shall hold back, until twenty guineas, the price of Kathleen's pony, is made up."

"You can keep back all, sir—I have no right to murmur, since it is your generosity alone which allows me anything!"

"Not a word, sir! My judgment in this matter is imperative! For your attempted wrong to Thayendanega, you must apologize publicly to him!"

"Uncle, you surely will not make me so lower myself as to apologize to him?"

"Lower yourself, sir, by an apology to one as much your superior as day is to night! If you, who could hire an ignorant savage to do a dastardly deed in the night, which you dared not do, can lower yourself still further, I would like to know how it can be done!" cried the baronet, now thoroughly angry. "Come, sir, not a word! There is Thayendanega, with John and your cousins, coming in from their morning walk. Either go up to him like a man, and say you are sorry for what you have done, and ask his pardon, or else leave my house forever! I will have no one around me who can deliberately do a base wrong to another, and refuse to repair it, so far as he can. You hear me, sir?"

Guy knew that he could not trifle with his uncle then, and that for him all was lost, unless he obeyed the mandate instantly. Therefore, he advanced to the approaching party, and said:

"Thayendanega, I tried to have your horse killed last night! It was all *my* fault, not that of Ispico. I am sorry for it—will you forgive me?"

The young brave stopped short, and looked at Guy with quiet wonder—looked at him keenly, as if he would read his motive for this most unnatural act on the part of Guy, so unlike his general character, but made no reply.

"Forgive him, Thayendanega, for *my* sake even as I forgive him for having my poor pony killed!" said Kathleen, and tears started from her blue eyes.

"I forgive you, for the sake of the Pale Rose!" said Thayendanega, with gentle dignity. "And if you will be a *man* now, I will be your friend!"

And he advanced and offered Guy his hand. The latter could not refuse it, but a burning blush overspread his face while he took it, and he felt indeed that the Indian whom he affected to despise was his superior.

The baronet, who had closely watched the actions of both, was struck with the noble dignity of the young brave, both in his actions and his words.

"God's life, but the lad is fit for a throne!" he said to himself.

The party passed into the house now, for the breakfast-bell was ringing. There were tears in the eyes of both Leonore and Kathleen, as they passed along. And they were not tears of grief.

CHAPTER XVII.

Moodily, with the fire of anger and of hate burning deep into his heart, Guy Johnson walked far away into the beautiful grove back of the mansion, on the morning when he made his forced apology, for he had no appetite for breakfast, and left the table as soon as he could do so, without attracting particular attention.

And when he had got beyond hearing of those in the house, bitter curses rose from his lips, and his angry words were not only many, but loud. He did not know that he was closely followed—followed by one whose heart ached, not only for his troubles, but also to hear such terrible language from his lips. He did not know but that he was alone, until a gentle hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a sweet voice said:

"Guy, dear Guy, do not talk so—you are surely raving, and do not mean what you say!"

"I do mean every word I utter, Leonore!" said he, impatiently. "What business have you to follow me like a spy, and overhear what I say?"

"Oh! Guy, dear Guy, why do you speak so to me? You will break my heart!" said the weeping girl.

"Women's hearts are made of leather—there is no danger of their breaking!"

Her sobs were the only reply to his unmanly words.

"Everybody hates me and wrongs me!" he continued.

"Oh, no, *no*! I love you, and never wronged you in thought, word, or deed!" she replied.

"My uncle, because he has taken a liking to a heathen bear of an Indian, first robs me to please him, and then forces me to the alternative of either becoming a homeless outcast, or of bending my proud neck and knee to his upstart favorite, humbling myself to an Indian dog—for that Thayendanega is but a dog!"

"You wrong him, Guy; he is brave, intelligent, and honorable! But yesterday he saved Kathleen's life, when a falling tree would have crushed her!"

"Curse him and her! I wish to God that I had crushed them both!"

"Oh, Guy, Guy, how can you be so wicked?"

"And you, too, must take up for this graceless heathen! Perhaps you want him for a husband!" he cried.

"Guy, you do me a foul wrong, and such words come with an ill grace from *your* lips to one who has stood by you so often when she *knew* you were wrong, and has so often dared her father's anger to avert it from your head!"

"Clear out, then, and leave me alone, if you don't like my words! I didn't ask you to follow me!" said he, in the most brutal tone.

"Guy, dear Guy, even *this* will I bear, for the love I feel for you!" she cried, weeping, and attempting to put her arms around his neck.

With a bitter curse, he thrust her from him, with such force that she fell, and her head coming in contact with the sharp edge of a stone, received a terrible cut. The blood gushed out in a large stream, for a small artery in the temple had been divided. But the poor girl was not sensible of pain—she had fainted.

When he saw blood, the anger of the heartless wretch gave way to terror.

"My God, I have killed her!" he groaned.

"What shall I do! what shall I do!"

"Go get water!" said a stern voice, and the same white-haired, venerable, and feeble-looking Indian, whom we have once before spoken of, as being seen in that same grove, stepped forward from amid a clump of small spruce trees, to the astonishment and increased terror of the young villain.

"What shall I bring it in?" asked the terrified youth.

"*That*," and the Indian touched the glazed cap on Guy's head.

The latter hurried away to a brook, whose distant murmurings could reach the ear, while the old Indian bent upon his knees, and raised the head of the poor girl. Her countenance was as white as the leaf of a lily, and life seemed almost to have deserted her. With a firm hand he held the parts of the wound closely together, then taking a scarf from her neck, bound it so tightly around her temples that he checked the flow of blood. And when the water came, he washed away the blood-stains, bathed her face, and wetted her lips with some of it.

With a deep sigh, she opened her eyes, and exhibited signs of returning consciousness.

"Where am I? Oh, I remember!" she said, with a shudder. "Guy was angry, and struck

me!" and she closed her eyes again, as if to shut out the vision of cruel remembrance.

"Who are you, sir, that are so kind to me?" she asked, a moment after, as she looked up at the kind and pitying face of the Indian, who supported and still bathed her head with the cool water.

"A friend, daughter of the pale face—a friend to the good and the innocent!" he replied.

"What is the matter with me? I am hurt; my head feels pain!" murmured the poor girl.

"Yes, that squaw-hearted boy cast you against a rock! He is a poor dog to raise his hand against a woman, and should be whipped with rods!"

Guy stood near, with down-cast looks, but said nothing, for he was not so utterly graceless but that he could feel ashamed for his worse than distardly conduct.

"I forgive him—he was blind with anger, and did not know what he did," said the sweet and gentle girl.

"I am very sorry; do not tell my uncle of it, Leonore," said the young man. "I never will speak harshly to you again."

"Who is his uncle?" asked the Indian, abruptly.

"Sir William Johnson?" replied the fair girl.

"Ugh! a bad man—a bad man!" said the Indian, and a cloud, black as night, overspread his sallow face.

"He is my father," said Leonore, gently; "if he has ever done wrong to you, I am sorry!"

The old Indian sighed, but he said no more. Guy's eye flashed, and an expression of satisfaction came over his face, when he heard the words and saw the look upon the face of the strange Indian.

"I will assist my cousin to the house," said he, "and then I will come back, for I wish to talk with you. I may do you good in return for your kindness to her!"

"No good can come from evil!" replied the Indian, sternly; "but come alone, and I will wait!"

The young man now helped poor Leonore back to the house, where he told a story of her having stumbled and fell against a rock, which she was too good-hearted to contradict, even though he had been so brutal in word and deed, and now so unblushingly told his false tale.

The baronet, deeply alarmed, instantly sent for his physician, while Guy returned to the grove, to seek a further interview with the strange Indian.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Seated upon the rock which was stained by the pure blood of gentle Leonore, the old Indian quietly remained until Guy Johnson came back.

"By the words you used, and the look upon your face, when you spoke of Sir William Johnson, my uncle, I suppose you hate him?" said Guy, as he stopped in front of the stranger, who did not rise at his approach.

"I do? What of that?" said the Indian, bruptly.

"I hate him, too—wish he was dead!" said Guy, bitterly.

"Yet he feeds you—gives you clothes to keep you warm—you sleep under his roof!" said the Indian, and an expression of contempt flitted over his face, like a shadow upon a gray rock.

"I am his brother's son—he ought to do it!" said the latter, evasively. "Besides, he wrongs me—has let a young Indian upstart supplant me in his love!"

"Who is this Indian upstart?"

"Thayendanega, the son of one Dyagetto the woman who brought him and his sister from the far-off Ohio; but I hear that she claims to be a Mohawk, for she is with them at one of their villages up the river."

If Guy had been looking at the Indian when he spoke, he would have been terrified at the sudden change in his countenance—the varied expressions there—when he made his statements; but the young man was looking back, to see if he had been watched or followed, and, when his eyes again met those of the Indian, the latter was as calm as he had been at first.

"And you say Sir William treats this young Indian with kindness?" continued the stranger.

"Yes; he has adopted him as a son, given

him a horse, guns, and many presents. And he has placed his sister, like a lady, with his own daughters—dressed her as well as them!"

"But Dyagetto does not stay with her children?"

"No; but she comes often to see them."

The old Indian did not ask any more questions, but sat and silently watched Guy, seeming to study his thoughts.

"You seem poor," said the latter, looking at the worn and ragged blanket and stained hunting-shirt and leggings of the old Indian.

"I am; but what of that?" replied the old man, drawing his blanket up proudly over his broad chest.

"I can better your fortune."

"How? You have nothing that I want."

"You do not know that. Can you shoot?"

"Can a fish swim?" asked the Indian, in contemptuous reply.

"Of course I know that you can shoot game; but if you had an enemy, could you shoot him?"

"If he was worth killing, yes!"

"Well, Sir William Johnson, you say, is your enemy. He is mine, also! I will give you a new rifle, hatchet, and knife, plenty of powder and lead, and new blankets and clothes, if you will lay in wait for him in the woods, and shoot him, the next time he goes to the fish-house!"

"He is your father's brother, eh?" asked the Indian, in a tone and with a look which would imply that he was seriously thinking of the proposition.

"Yes," answered Guy.

"And you love his daughter, the lily which you bruised this morning?"

"Yes, and when he is dead I will marry her."

"He brought you up since you was a little helpless boy, without father and mother, did he not?"

"Yes; but how do you know that? Have you ever seen me before this day?"

"Yes, yes, a hundred times, when you was too small to crawl over a log."

"Well, well, it matters not. What is your answer to my proposition?"

"That I thank the Great Spirit I am not a pale-face! Do your own murders! I am not an assassin!" said the old Indian, and, turning proudly upon his heel, he disappeared in the thick gloom of the grove, before the youth had recovered from the surprise into which the indignant and bitter tone of the scornful Indian had thrown him.

"By heavens, what a fool I am!" he muttered, when he found himself alone. "I should have killed the old wretch, for he possesses my secret, thought and intent, and if he should make it known to my uncle, my every hope would be blasted. I will never venture out without my gun again, and, if I see him, I will shoot him as I would a wolf!"

"Shoot him, and I will shoot you!" said Thayendanega, quietly, but firmly, as he stepped out from behind the trunk of a huge pine tree within a few feet of him.

"Why? Do you know him?" cried Guy, turning pale, and trembling from head to foot.

"No!" answered the young brave. "But he is an old man and an Indian—he is good, for he would not do a murder at your bidding! You could not hire him, as you did Ispico, to do your wicked work! You are less than a dog—that would never bite the hand which fed it!"

"Why should you act the spy upon me?"

"Because your heart is blacker than mud! You are bad—too bad to live! I will watch every step you take, and, if you raise your hand or evil eye to one thing which I love, or is helpless, I will kill you as I would a snake!"

"I suppose you will go and tell my uncle of this matter!"

"I am no tale-bearer!" proudly replied the young Indian. "I can watch over him without putting more fear or hatred in his heart. But you must not cross my path, or study evil to him or his, or I will kill you! I have spoken, and I cannot speak a lie!"

Thayendanega said no more, but, with a bitter look of contempt and scorn, turned upon his heel and went toward the mansion, leaving the baffled nephew of the baronet in no enviable state of mind.

CHAPTER XIX.

It was the custom with Dr. Daly, Mr. O'Whackem, and Mr. Lafferty, the baronet's secretary, to meet at twelve o'clock each day, or immediately after the schoolmaster had dismissed his pupils to their dinner, to partake of a lunch and its spiritual accompaniments, in a pleasant little refractory adjoining the hospital, for these gentlemen all dined at the baronet's table at a later hour. And it was the occasion, generally, for a lively bit of gossip, for, all three being Irishmen, they could no more get along without talking, than a coquette without a string of beaux. Thus they kept their spirits up, while the spirits and the jokes went down.

"How does your new patient look this morning, doctor dear?" asked O'Whackem of Daly, as he poured out his glass of brandy, at lunch time.

"Very much as if a horse had kicked him," replied the doctor, with a smile, as he extended his hand for the bottle.

"He'll be apt to prefer your healing power to the healing way of the ould stallion, I'm after thinking," said Lafferty, reaching in turn for the brandy.

"He's devilish impatient for a patient," said Daly, as he helped himself to a slice of cold tongue and a cold potato.

"He'll know better than to be so horse-sty again!" said Lafferty.

"Och, ye blackguard, ye ought to be convicted, without judge or jury, of murder!" cried O'Whackem.

"Murder o' what, ye old pedagogue?" replied Lafferty, in the best humor possible.

"The king's English, Mither Quilldriver," said the schoolmaster, as he sliced off a bit of boiled ham.

"It's a pity that Master Guy hadn't got a touch of punishment from the baste," said Lafferty.

"Sure he got a good enough lasting from me, I'm a thinking!" said Daly, with a laugh.

"Why, his wasn't so much of an error, after all," said O'Whackem. "He might have been thinkin' of the neglected harp of poor ould Erin, when he called you 'a blasted lyre'—d'ye mind the point, now?"

"Sure the tune he harped on was a forbidden one, as far as I'm concerned," said Daly. "Pass over the bread, Lafferty, if ye're not too busy upon the hind shoulder o' that hog."

"D'ye know what you put me in mind of then, doctor?" asked Lafferty.

"No, sure—without it was that I considered ye better bred than I, and wanted to take a slice of ye!"

"No, sure—it wasn't that, at all. Ye put me in mind of the Lord's prayer, blessed be His name!"

"Wall, 'tis lucky I did, for it's seldom ye think of anything golly; but, for the life o' me, I can't see how I reminded ye o' what I know ye're not much acquainted with."

"Didn't you ask for daily bread, ould thick-skull?"

"Be jabbers, I did, and you had me, boy. Pass along the brandy, for I thirst for the spirit!"

"Then ye ought to go and work in the corn-field awhile!"

"And why should I do that?"

"Doesn't the good book say 'hoe all ye who thirst,' I'd like to know?"

"Faith, you have me again! I wish ye'd take the fever and ague!"

"For why, ould pill-box? So ye could dose me and bleed me a bit?"

"No; I only want to see ye shook up a little; you're gettin' to be too smart on top, and too dull below. You want aqualising—just, you see, as I aqualise this brandy by putting a little drop o' water in it."

"And wakening the spirit! Sure it's not your advice I'll be after takin', doctor dear."

"His advice is better than his medicine I'm thinkin'!" said O'Whackem.

"Wait till you try 'em both, before you pass judgment," said the doctor.

"I'd rather see the sexton and gravestone-cutter first, so as to make all my preparations for a decent burial!"

"Let me write your epitaph!" cried Lafferty.

"What would it be, Mither Goosequill?" asked the schoolmaster.

"The like o' this," said Lafferty:

"Here lies ould schoolmaster O'Whackem:
A hard nut is he, but Satan will crack him."

"Faith, he'd throw you down as unsound as 'not worth the crackin'!" said the school-

master, with a laugh.

Thus these three worthies spiced their lunch, but it was soon over, and they returned to their different avocations, quite refreshed in body and mind.

CHAPTER XX.

On the morning succeeding the night when Ispico came so near getting his well-merited deserts, of having the life kicked out of him, Sir William sent a runner to Aroghyadeeka, to acquaint him that his son had been injured, and was in serious danger. Though the runner, after delivering his message, started instantly upon his return, and was well known to be one of the swiftest of his class, the old chief quickly outstripped him, and long ere he had even sighted the chimney-tops of "Johnson Hall," had passed its threshold, and stood before the baronet.

"Where is my son?—where is Ispico?—and who has dared to hurt him?" asked the old Mohawk, with trembling frame and flashing eyes.

"Sit down and calm yourself, and I will tell you," replied the baronet. "He has put his fingers in the fire, and burned himself!"

The chief, who knew the baronet well enough to be sure he would gain nothing by disobeying him, took the seat.

"Pontioch, here! Bring brandy and glasses for two—pipes, also!" cried the baronet to his favorite servant.

The old chief sat very uneasily—for a *wonder*, even the anticipation of brandy and tobacco did not quiet his feelings.

It soon came; and, after each had drunk a glass, the baronet lighted his pipe and commenced smoking, quietly and in silence. For a time, the Indian preserved his stoicism, but finally the feelings of the parent triumphed over the philosophy—if such it can be termed—of the Indian, and he abruptly asked:

"Where is Ispico?"

"In the hospital," replied Sir William, without deigning to give any further explanation.

The Indian rose, did not pause to touch his glass, which the baronet had refilled, but walked from the room, without uttering a word, and took his way hastily to the hospital.

He soon after came back, and his face was dark, very dark, with either gloom or anger. He sat down, and, for a time, remained silent. He did not touch his brandy, and he had let the fire in his pipe go out.

Sir William remained as passive as before, drinking and smoking with all the ease imaginable, apparently not noticing the looks of the old chief, yet from under his overhanging brows casting many a quick and searching glance at him. No Indian could ever beat him, either in the study of the thoughts of another, or in concealing his own. For years an official visiter at their councils—often the sole arbiter of their affairs, the medium through whom they received all their presents from the English government—he had so become used to them that neither their arts, nor any personal danger to himself, could throw him off his guard, or rob him of his self-possession.

"What or who hurt my son so terribly? He never will be a man again!" at last said the old chief.

"He never ought to be!" said Sir William sternly. "If he had been a *man*, he would not have been hurt!" and he then detailed the attempt of Ispico to kill the horses, and its result.

The old chief listened in silence, until the baronet was through. Then he said:

"My son was a fool! I am sorry he was not killed! I will see him no more! When he can walk, send him away from you, but not to me, for he shall never enter my lodge!"

"No—I will be kind to him, and try to make a good man of him!" said the baronet.

The old chief made no reply, but drank his brandy, relighted his pipe, and went away.

CHAPTER XXI.

When old Aroghyadeeka left the mansion of Sir William, as recorded in our last chapter, he moved quietly on, apparently engrossed in thought, for some distance, a half mile or more, until he entered the forest, which lay westward of the house. Here he

moved on more rapidly, following a trail, narrow and straight, as Indian paths generally are, which led toward his village. He had not proceeded far along this road, when he was met by an individual, so singular in looks, dress, and character, that he merits a particular description at our hands, the more especially because this is our first introduction to him.

He was rather tall, lean, and bony in figure, but his broad shoulders, long arms, and bowed legs indicated considerable sinewy strength. His form was so bent forward, that, coupled with a short neck, it seemed to give him a kind of humpbacked appearance. His head, as large, more red, and full as round as a Kinderhook cabbage, was surmounted by a mop of tangled yellow hair; his eyes were of a glassy gray, generally dull and heavy, yet bright and flashing, when he was excited. His nose was very small, and sunken in between his large, puffy cheeks, like a small squash between two big pumpkins. His wide mouth, ever open, revealed a snaggy set of teeth, well colored with tobacco juice.

It would be hard to judge of his age—he had such a dried-up look—but he probably was thirty, perhaps five years ahead of it.

His dress was as odd as his personal appearance. A very ragged, old felt hat, minus the rim, was on top of his head, and in its crown the tail of a racoon served for a plume. A coarse frock, or hunting shirt, descending to his knees, and girded to his waist by a stout rope, made of twisted thongs of buckskin, and as ragged as it well could be and yet stick together, served to partially cover the upper part of his person. Through the rents of this a butternut-colored flannel undershirt could be seen. Trowsers, or rather leggings, of undressed deer-skin, and moccasins of moose-hide, completed his dress.

A powder-horn and bullet-pouch were slung over his shoulder, and in his belt he wore a knife and hatchet. A long pipe, of red clay, such as were used by the Dutch of that day, was also in his belt. Upon his shoulder he carried one of those heavy, long, bell-muzzled pieces, brass-mounted and flint-locked, which were known as the "Queen's Arm," carrying an ounce and a half ball, or a single handful of slugs, as the caprice of the leader dictated, and calculated to do damage at any distance under half a mile, if properly directed.

With a kind of limping, staggering gait, and a lack-lustre look, which seemed rather that of an idiot, than that of a man possessed of his full senses, this individual met the old Mohawk chief in the trail.

The latter started as he saw him, and looked annoyed, for it is well known that Indians of every nation hold idiots and insane persons in reverence and awe, and fear to either harm or displease them.

"It is Hon Yost," muttered the old chief. "Why should he cross my path so often! Three times I have seen him since the sun came up!"

"Hallo, old Devil-bug! were you peen all the viles, eh? Been a gittin' trunk on uncle Sir Pill's prandy, eh?" cried the stranger, as he stopped, and brought the butt of his heavy gun down upon the hard ground, with a jar that made its iron ramrod ring in the socket.

"Why ter tuivel ton't y zu speak mit me, you tam red-skin fool!" he added, in his strong Dutch accent, as the old chief paused, but did not at once reply.

"My heart is heavy, and my tongue is slow for words!" replied the Indian. "Where is my brother going?"

"Goin' vere der tuyvel tells me to—vere there's vitches and vizards, and prandy and primstone—dings vot I lives on!" cried Hon Yost. "Shall I tell you vere you're 'fraid to go, old Devil-bug?"

"Aroghyadeeka is not afraid to go anywhere!" said the old chief, sternly. "His heart knows no fear."

"Dat's a tam lie, a tam lie!" cried Hon Yost. "You knows petter as to go to de cave in de rock, pelow der Little Falls, for fear you see de spook of somebody starved to death!"

The Mohawk started and trembled, when he heard these words.

"The Evil Spirit tells him everything!" muttered he, at last.

"Yaw! What Hon Yost don't know, no-poddy knows, old Devil-bug!" said the man, with a wild laugh, and he re-shouldered his gun, and went on, while the old chief moved aside to let him pass.

For several minutes the chief stood and watched the receding form of the German, and his looks, while he did this, betokened both fear and hatred. But he said nothing, and, when the man was hidden from his view by intervening bushes, the chief resumed his course.

Hon Yost had not yet reached the clearing of the Johnson domain, when a low whistle from a clump of bushes upon his right, caused him to come to a sudden stop. While he listened, the "too-whoot-too whoo-ah" of an owl fell upon his ear from the same direction that the sound of the whistle had come from.

"Tam few fidders where dat owl roosts!" said Hon Yost, with a coarse laugh. "Come out dere and show yourself, Mishter Night-pird!"

The same mysterious white-haired and nameless Indian whom we have seen in connection with Guy Johnson a couple of times, stepped out from a sheltering clump of bushes, and approached the spot, looking cautiously around to see that no person was near to make observations.

"Why, old gran-dad, is it you? How you likes ter open air, eh? You git more strong in daylight dan in dark?" cried the German.

"The free air is giving me strength, good Hon Yost, and I will never forget that you helped me to my freedom. But I shall never be again what I once was. My sinews are dried up, my eye-sight is dim, my bones ache, and my muscles are weak!" replied the Indian.

"Never you mind dat yet a viles, gran-dad! I doesn't know vot you has peen, for vy, you'll not tell me, but I dinks dere is a coot deal of de man left in you yet, and I mean to pring it out; for vy, you some vay belongs to me, because I find you out ven you was yust almost tead gone! And dat tam Devil-bug chief dinks now dat he has starve you to teth; for vy, he stop take meat to de cave dis some time! I yust met him, and scare him apout yourspook. He dinks I'm a fool, and is 'fraid of me like a tam fool, he! But now, gran-dad, I'm a goin' down to see Hall, to see old uncle Sir Pill Johnson, and I'm goin' to peg a new rille-gun of him, and some plankets, and dat like, and you keep dis gun and powder und lead till you see me in der old shanty oop in der hill—for you must hunt und trap a bit afore de vinter cooms, you know. You say you ton't vant nopoddy to see you yet a viles vot might know you, so you stay dere till I coomes to you!"

"My brother's words are good! I will go to the shanty!" said the Indian, without hesitation, accepting the arms proffered to him.

"And I will be dere to-night—take my knife und hatchet, und cut some poughs from hemlock for our ped, und if you see a teer or moose, yust speak to him wit old Dunderclap dere, und ask him to stay mit us for supper!"

"My brother shall find food at the shanty when he gets there!" said the Indian. "And now, when my brother goes to the great chief of the pale-faces—"

"You mean uncle Sir Pill Johnson?"

"Yes—when you go there, find out a young Indian named Thayendanegea. It is said he has adopted him as a son. Look at him, get him to talk, and when you come back tell me what he is like!"

"Any dings more?"

"No, good Hon Yost, that is all. But be careful not to speak of me to any one!"

"No! Vot der deryvel could I say? I ton't know your name, nor nothing apout you, for vy, you never tells me—put goot pye, takes coot care of Dunderclap, mine gun!"

The German now passed on along the trail toward the hall, while the Indian crossed it, and took a northerly course through the forest.

CHAPTER XXII.

Thayendanegea and John having finished their recitations before Mr. O'Whackem, were taking a bout with the foils, for their own benefit and the amusement of Sir William, in front of the mansion, a short time after the baronet had been relieved by the departure of the old Mohawk chief.

During a pause, or breathing spell, the quick eye of John caught sight of the advancing form of Hon Yost, who came toward the house in his usual shambling way.

"There comes that fool, Hon Yost Schuyler, father!" said he to the baronet.

"He is less a fool than some who deem him

such. There is a good deal of knavish wit about him!" said the baronet, in reply. "But on with your play—let not his approach disturb you. Thayendanegea is better in his guard than yourself; look out that he does not become *your* teacher, though you have had *years* to his *days* of practice!"

The young men, thus urged and encouraged, again took position in a graceful and earnest style, and were soon actively engaged. Carte, tierce, seconde, prime, thrust and parry, longe and counter, every point of the parade, advancing and retreating, was carried through with a grace and celerity which frequently elicited a word of commendation from the old baronet, who was himself more than an ordinary swordsman. At last the impetuosity of John rather threw him off his guard, and missing a beautiful pass of carte over the arm, at his antagonist, who merely swerved his body to one side and let the foil pass him, he lost his balance, and nearly fell forward. Then, as he strove to recover himself, the *forte* of Thayendanegea's blade struck under the *feible* of his foil, and, with a light turn of the wrist, the weapon was thrown high in the air behind the young Indian, and caught in its descent by Hon Yost, who, with a shout, cried:

"Well done, Thayendanegea! Well done, my brave boy!"

"How came you to know his name? You never saw him before?" said the baronet. "You haven't been about here for three months before!"

"I knows dat, uncle Sir Pill Johnson—I knows dat! I've been down mit a lot of dem rascally St. Regis Indians, and dey got me trunk, and den dey stole my musket gun, and my knife and hatchet, and all but mine smoke pipe!"

"You mean that you *sold* them for rum, I think?" said the baronet.

"Got in himmel, no! Uncle Sir Pill, I takes mine oat upon de pig pook mit a cross on him, dat ter tam Injun cot my musket-gun, olt Dunderclap, vot I kill dat last moose vith, dat I gine you der hind quarters of in der vinter! You remember dat, eh, uncle Sir Pill?"

"Yes, and how much brandy, and tobacco, and powder and lead I gave you in return!" said the baronet, in reply.

"Yaw—and if you'll gif me a new rifle-gun, and some powder and lead, and a knife and hatchet, and a planket for der night-time, I'll go und kill you some more moose und teers, for I see plenty of track only a leetle ways pack in der hills!"

"Well, tell me how you knew that this young lad's name was Thayendanegea, and I'll think about it!"

"Well, uncle Sir Pill, you see I'm a fool, und fools know everyding!"

"I'd be a fool if I believed your answer!"

"Then you'd be wiser than you be now, for if you was a fool like me, you'd know what you want to know!"

"Come, come, no more *fooling* with me, Hon Yost. Answer my question!"

"Vel, den, uncle Sir Pill, I met dat olt Devil-bug, Aroghyadeeka, und he tolt me dat you had dopt a young Indian for son, und dat his name was Thayendanegea—good strong name dat, can't break it no more dan a bundle of sticks—dat's de way I learn his name!"

"Any fool could have learned it that way!" said the baronet, with a laugh. "I expected you'd have a tale of mystery to unfold!"

"Not apout dat, uncle Sir Pill, but I knows more dan one mystery, und I knows enough to keep my mouth shut und my ears open!"

"An excellent quality, Hon Yost. I wish that all my surroundings possessed it! What do you think of Thayendanegea? I see that you regard him very intently. Let us hear, for they say a fool's opinion is worth something, sometimes!"

"He has de eye of an eagle, de spring of a panther, de strength of an ox, de speed of a deer, de patience of a beaver, de wisdom of a fox, und de heart of a man! He will be a great chief when you are dead und like de fallen tree, rotting in de cold ground!" said Hon Yost, in a tone as serious and earnest, and language and style as lofty, as if he had been an inspired prophet.

"Very complimentary to him!" said the baronet, in a pleasant tone.

"Dat's more dan de truth is to everybody!" said Hon Yost.

"What will I be, Hon?" asked John, in a careless way.

"Yust what der coot Got bleases, und you

can't help yourself!" replied the German.

"Am I to be a soldier, a priest, or a farmer!"

"Dat is hard to tell. You're too lazy to bray, und so you won't be a briest; you're too proud to work, so you won't be a farmer: maybe you'll be a soldier, und if you're too lazy to run, den you'll make a very coot one!"

"You needn't call him a fool, after that Master John!" said the baronet, laughing. "It is my opinion that he is up to your mark and you had better replenish his tobacco-box, and ask no more questions!"

"Und den apout de rifle-gun, und der teers und moose dat I shall shoot mit it, uncle Sir Pill?"

"Oh, you shall have them, Hon Yost. You are not much of a beggar, and are very goot pay when you *can* pay!"

"Und a couple of plankets, uncle Sir Pill!"

"Two blankets—Why is not one sufficient?"

"Yaw, for me; but den I dinks about gittin' one frau—Dere's Petsy Vrooman, der fat gal vot lives on der flats, I dinks her und ine shall coople togedder 'fore long!"

"Well, you shall have the two blankets, and a calico dress for her beside, but you must let me kiss the bride!"

"Yaw; but den I shall yust charge a pottle of prandy for de privilege!"

The baronet did not reply, but led the way to his store-room, where he kept a vast variety of arms, munitions, and such cheap goods as were needed by the class of Indians, frontiersmen, and settlers around him. Here he fitted Hon Yost out with the arms which he had solicited, and the blankets and calico promised; also giving him some snuff and tobacco for his mother, an old gipsy of a woman whom the baronet had long known. And amused as he ever was by the drolleries of Hon Yost, he plied him pretty well with liquor, and, when he finally tired of him, sent him away with a bottle full, telling him to be sure and bring him some venison on the next day, which the German faithfully promised to do.

CHAPTER XXIII.

I have gazed, in foreign lands, upon many a lofty palace—upon many a marble tower—many a gallant looking castle! And at home have seen Art's choicest works of triumph! Monuments where the architect, the sculptor, the painter, had lavished all their skill! Yet, in the deep, still shadows of the mighty trees of the forest, beneath the broad-spread, ever-green branches of pine, and spruce, and hemlock, I have seen the shanty of bark, rough outside, but white inside as driven snow, and smooth as marble, impervious to the wind, or rain, or snow, which seemed to me more comfortable, aye, and prettier than any gaudy palace, any tinselled boudoir that ever human being stood within.

And, upon my couch of spruce or hemlock boughs, or on my yielding bed of sweet-fern, each giving up their pleasant fragrance, I have laid my chase-wearied form, and slept deliciously. Sweeter dreams came to me there than ever blessed me elsewhere. Lulled by the rustle of the leaves, or by some murmuring waterfall, to slumber, I have reposed in a fearless, happy quiet, which a king might envy.

In a dense grove of pines, some four or five miles north of the trail where he parted with Hon Yost Schuyler, the white-haired Indian stood before a neat, bark shanty. It was situated in a little glen, through which rushed a bright and merry stream, and so hidden by the rocky sides of the glen, and the thick growth around, that no one could see it until they were close upon it. And before this shanty, for it was now night, a bright and cheerful fire burned, and upon the clipped branches of a birch tree, which stood near the front of the shanty, hung the neatly-dressed and divided quarters of a fine fat buck. Also several partridges, which had been snared by the skillful hand of the Indian. Within, the heaped-up boughs of spruce and hemlock looked invitingly. And in one corner stood the ready gun and hung the tomahawk and knife, all revealed by the light of the camp-fire.

The Indian, who had already broiled and eaten more than one slice of the fresh and delicious venison, listened intently for every sound which betokened the approach of Hon Yost, who, from having been nearly all his

life among the Indians, had adopted their habits and customs, and was more at home in the woods than in a house. Therefore, it was not to be expected that he would either miss his way, or make much noise in his approach, scarce the rustle of a fallen leaf, or the crackling of a dry twig being heard when an Indian, in approaching game or an enemy, moves through the forest. But on this occasion the liquor of Sir William had upset the bowl of caution, and Hon Yost was heard at a considerable distance, floundering through the underbrush like a wounded moose, and singing snatches of old Dutch songs, as he came along.

"Ugh! Hon Yost has been getting weak on the strong water—I'll scare him!" said the old Indian, and he crept steadily off for several yards in the direction in which the German made such a noise.

Directly, when Hon Yost was within about a hundred yards of the camp-fire, and could just see the glimmering light of the blaze, as it was reflected upon the upper branches of the trees, the shrill, unearthly yell of a panther fell upon his ear, close to him.

"Cot in himmel! dere ish a plooey painter, und I forgot to load mine rifle-gun!" cried Hon Yost, almost sobered by the startling event, calculated to frighten even a sober man.

Another startling and fearful yell, and a rustle in the bushes close to him, as if the animal was about to spring upon him, finished the business, and Hon Yost, with a yell of terror almost as loud, threw the bottle in his hand at the spot where he supposed the animal was, and bounded off to gain the camp by a circuitous route, for the panther seemed to be between him and the fire.

The Indian, quickly snatching the bottle from the ground, ran with all speed to the fire, and when Hon Yost got there, the former was seated by the entrance to the shanty, very quietly smoking his pipe.

"Didn't you hear dat pig painter, grandad?" asked Hon Yost, breathlessly, and all in a tremor, as he came up.

"I did not hear a panther!" said the Indian, quietly. "Do you think I am a fool, or so poor a hunter, that I cannot tell the cry of a panther from that of a man?"

"But this *was* a painter, by tam! Tousand duynels, didn't I see its eye-palls, yust like two coals of fire!"

"You have been drinking the Great Chief's fire-water," said the Indian, quietly.

"Yaw, und threw a whole pottle of goot prandy at der painter's head!" said Hon Yost, in a regretful tone.

"Was it better than this?" said the Indian, producing the identical bottle, which Hon Yost instantly knew, because it was tied up in an old cotton handkerchief of his.

Hon Yost appeared completely nonplused. The old Indian suddenly gave another yell, so natural that the German sprung back full three or four yards.

"Got in himmel! Vel, if I am an olt fool und a tam coward skunk, nopoddy put you knows it. Take a trink from the pottle, grandad, and den we'll have some sooper!"

"No fire-water can pass my lips!" replied the Indian. "It makes men weak in the head, weak in the legs, and weak all over!"

"More truth dere den anyding else!" muttered Hon Yost, and for once he put down the bottle untasted, and cutting off a slice of venison, broiled and ate it, and then went to the brook to quench his thirst.

Having supped, he proceeded to unfold his presents to the view of the Indian. First he showed the two blankets to the Indian, and, tossing him one, bade him keep it. Then he gave him bread, salt, and pepper, also tobacco and pipes. Then he handed him the new rifle, hatchet, knife, and ammunition, saying:

"You keep dese, grandad—I'll take pack old Dunderclap, for vy, I peleeve de old gun knows me, und de coot Got knows dat I know it. In de morning we must have a hunt, for I bromise old uncle Sir Pill, to kill him some teers and moose, for all dese dings!"

"My brother's promise shall be kept. Before the sun is up, I will have game ready for him to carry in. I am strong now. I have eaten fresh-killed meat, and with a gun in my hand, and a knife and hatchet in my belt, feel like a man again!"

"Dunder, put it makes me feel goot, to hear you talk dat vay!" said Hon Yost.

And then he took out the handsome piece of calico which Sir William had given to

him.

"Here's someding vot you can make you shirts mit! I told uncle Sir Pill I wanted it for a woman; put dat vas a tam liel!" said he, as he exhibited this article.

"I want no clothes but those I make from deer skin!" said the Indian, quietly. Then, while he was still looking at the calico, he said: "Hon Yost was at the upper village, to-day, was he not?"

"Yaw—two times have I peen dere!"

"Did you see a woman named Dyagetto?"

"No, put I hear dem talk about a squaw mit dat name, for vy, I remember, dey say she come from a long travels in de west!"

"If my brother will hang this, in the night-time, with some venison, at the door of her lodge, I will each day kill him plenty of game, and I will make him pretty dresses and pouches from fawn-skins and porcupine quills, which he can sell for money!" said the Indian.

"Dat's a pargain; but for vy do you care for dat woman? Is she an old sweetheart of yours, grandad?"

"I will sometime tell you why I wish to make her presents, and kill game for her, that she may not be hungry. But she must not know from whence these things come to her! Did you see the young Thayendanegea?"

"Yaw, and I tell you dat he is de smartest poy dat runs on two legs. He has an eye like an eagle, und peats all dat is about him. I dinks uncle Sir Pill knew vat he vas about ven he take him for a poy-son!"

"It is good! May the Great Spirit bless him!" said the old Indian, and then, drawing his new blanket around him, he retired within the shanty, and laid down to sleep.

Hon Yost smoked his pipe out, replenished the fuel on the fire, and then followed his example.

CHAPTER XXIV

The sun was not more than two or three hours high, on the next morning, when the baronet beheld Hon Yost approaching, bending under a heavy burthen. Upon his back he carried a huge saddle of venison, with the fat full two inches thick upon the haunch, and strung to his belt were a dozen or more of fine partridges, while in his left hand he carried a string of brook trout, and under his right to steady the game on his shoulders, for he had left his gun behind him.

"Why, Hon Yost, you are wonderfully prompt in making your payments, this time!" cried the baronet, as he looked with the admiring eye of a sportsman upon the splendid lot of game which the German laid down upon the porch before him.

"Yaw—maype I vants more trust, py-and-py—den, if I pay goot now, you trust me more!" replied Hon Yost.

"A very good reason, with a spice of selfishness; but how could you get together so much game in so short a time? It was dark, or very nearly so, when you left here, last night!"

"You know dat it is de olt saying, uncle Sir Pill, 'a fool for luck, und a rich man for children!'"

"A fool for luck, and a poor man for children," is the adage, Hon Yost!"

"Den it's half truth, und de odder half a tam liel!" replied the German.

"How so?" asked the baronet.

"For vy, I'm a fool, und I have de goot luck—you're rich, und you have more children, red and vite, dan I can count in a week! I sees little Sir Pills everyvere I goes!"

The baronet laughed at this home-thrust, for it was a fact which he could not deny, and said:

"You deserve a drop of brandy for that, Hon Yost! Come and get it!"

"Yaw, I'll go dat, uncle Sir Pill; but den I vants a couple of men, mit horses, to go oop de mud creek, about a couple of miles. I left a young pull-moose dere, a vile ago, mit his troat out, und a lead pullet through his heart!"

"What!—also killed a moose, this morning?"

"Yaw, uncle Sir Pill, I got up afore de sun did, und before I went five minutes from my camp, up jumped a fat puck—und dere is his saddle. I yust have yerked off his hide, und dress him for you, ven crash I hear somedings preaking through de prush, und I look sharp mit mine eyes, und vot shall I see put a fine, fat, two year old pull-moose. I look

at him over mine rifle-gun, und it speak to him, und he lay down und wait for me to cut his troat. Und dat I do, und I dress him, und hang him up, vile I pringa dese games, und I dinks you send me two mens, mit horses, for der meat. It is a coot deal—vill veigh like a ton of hay, most!"

"Very well, Hon Yost, the meat will be welcome in the settlement, for the Indians have brought in but little lately!"

"Dey're a lazy set of togs. Give 'em vot they can eat and trink, und den dey'll sleep till dey're hungry again!"

Thayendanegea and the baronet's son now approached, and examined the game.

"I should like to hunt—it is more manly than study!" said Thayendanegea.

"You can do both, at proper seasons, my lad," said Sir William. "If Hon Yost stays about here, you may go and hunt with him sometimes, for he is a good hunter, and knows the ranges of the game!"

"Yaw—he may hunt mit me—he has a goot eye!" said the German, as he followed Sir William, to get the promised brandy.

This having been done, he started off with a couple of men, to send in his moose-meat.

CHAPTER XXV.

Reader, are there not days, sometimes weeks, aye, even months of your life, so dull and monotonous, so utterly devoid of interest, or of real benefit to yourself, that you wish you had slept away the time, passed it amid pleasant dreams, rather than in wakeful sloth and carelessness?

And so it is with the life-times of characters in a story, and were I to follow out the dull details, you would call the story tame and prosy. I prefer to avoid that, and to do it best, choose to skip a whole year of events, not sufficiently startling to require any record.

It was about a year later than the time which embraced the incidents of our last chapter—the twenty-fourth winter—with its chilling blasts, had come and passed—the maple, the tamarac, the elm, and ash, and beech had lost their last year's dress, but spring had given the material, and summer had put on for them a new one. But stern and undying, like monuments of patience and of hope, the lofty pines, the great rough-barked hemlocks, and the smooth and quakerly spruces, had borne, with many sighs, the breath of the rude winter storms, and the snowy pall which had been laid so cold upon them.

Before the bark shanty, now blackened inside and out with the smoke of many fires, sat our old friend, the white-haired Indian, busy making some of those curious and beautiful baskets and boxes of birch bark, embroidered with the small quills of the porcupine, for which the Mohawks and Oneidas were so famous.

It was a still and quiet day, cool in the shade, but hot where the sun's rays had free scope. Scarcely any wind was abroad to rattle the leaves, but the gentle murmur of the little brook fell coolingly upon the ear as it traveled away, foaming and glittering over its long-worn, rocky path toward the Mohawk in the valley.

Suddenly, while the old man was busy at his work, he heard the cry which the panther often gives when it scents prey close at hand. An instant after he heard the sharp crack of a rifle, apparently within one or two hundred yards of his encampment, and then the shrill, wild cry of a wounded animal, the shout or yell, all as fierce, of a human being, and sounds as of a mighty leap and a struggle between some objects.

It was but an instant before he was bounding toward the spot whence the sounds emanated, with his loaded rifle in one hand and his hatchet in the other.

A moment later, and he saw in a small open space among the trees, a huge panther and a man clothed in the garb of an Indian, rolling over and over in a terrible struggle for the mastery. There was a hot panting of man and beast; but both were so quick in their motions, that the old man lifted his rifle in vain—he could not fire without endangering the life of the man as much as that of the beast.

He rushed forward, and, casting down his rifle, intended to enter the combat with his hatchet; but at the very moment that he raised it to strike the animal which was on top

of the man, the former gave a wild yell—a dying cry, and, relaxing its hold, fell over dead upon the ground, with the blood streaming from its heart, while the victor in the dreadful struggle leaped to his feet, with his long and bloody knife in his hand, and pealed out a shout of triumph.

Although he was covered with blood, and his stout garments were rent almost to tatters by the claws and teeth of the ferocious beast, he was comparatively unharmed in body, a few deep scratches only being the extent of his damage.

"Who are you?" cried the old Indian, looking with admiration upon the youthful, vigorous frame of the conqueror.

"They call me Thayendanegea!" replied the young Indian, as he spurned the yet quivering carcass of the slain panther with his foot. "Who are you?"

"When you stand in your proper place as chief of the Mohawks, and head chief of the Six Nations, then I will tell you!" replied the old Indian.

"My rightful place? What do you know about it?" said the bewildered youth.

"Yes, your rightful place. I know all about it, and in time will place you there; but, by the memory of your father, I charge you not to speak of that or of this interview until I give you permission!"

"Did you know my father?"

"Yes, well!"

"Who was he? Tell me! Clear up the mystery which shrouds my birth!"

"In the hour of your triumph I will! Until then, let the son of Dyagetto be what he has been—good, brave, studious, honorable. Do not leave Sir William, but keep in his favor, for the day is not far distant when you will need his help! Deport yourself as the son of a great chief, and when the eagle crown encircles your head, you will be powerful!"

"You know my mother also?"

"No one knows her better. But not even to her must you speak of this meeting. And now, come to my camp; but, first, we will take the skin of the panther, and then you can wash away the blood from your form, and I will dress your scratches. It was a brave fight, and I am glad that you killed the beast without my help. But your aim was bad. You fired too low. A panther's heart is small. You should have put your ball between his eyes!"

In a short time the hunter's proudest trophy, the skin of the tiger of the north, was taken off, and then Thayendanegea followed the old Indian to his camp.

The eyes of Thayendanegea looked with surprise at the comfortable shanty, and he asked: "How long have you lived here?"

"More than twelve moons!" replied the old man.

"And have not been to the Hall, which is only three or four miles away?"

"No; I am known there, but do not wish to go there until the time set by the Great Spirit. I have watched over you and Onalova and Dyagetto, your mother, when you all were sleeping! Hear these words, but repeat them not. There is a cloud over you now, but the Great Spirit will blow it away!"

"Thayendanegea believes your words! And he will obey!" said the young Indian, thoughtfully and with respect.

Then, as his eye fell upon the work upon which the old Indian had been engaged, he said:

"You must know Hon Yost, for he brings such things as those to the hall to sell!"

"Yes; Hon Yost is a good man, and is here very often!"

"Talk of der duyvel, and he is pound sure te jump up right afore ye!" cried our old German friend, who, hearing voices at the camp, had approached noiselessly. "Vy, here is Thayendanegea!" he added. "Got in himmel, vot have you peen about? All plood and dirt—dunder—did you kill dat painter peast?"

"He killed it alone, singlehanded, with his knife, after he had wounded it with his rifle!" said the old Indian, and his keen black-eyes flashed with pride and satisfaction, as he gazed after the young man, who proceeded to the brook to wash away the stains of his battle, while Hon Yost stretched out and examined the huge skin of the panther.

"Dunder, vot a pig painter!" exclaimed the German. "I tell you vot, grandad, dat poy is pound to pe a great man von of dese days!"

"Yes; he will be a great chief!" replied

the old Indian. "I shall see that, and then I shall die! I can go, then, to the happy hunting-grounds above, in peace!"

Thayendanegea, having washed at the brook, now returned, and the old Indian made him accept of a new suit of elegantly-worked hunting clothes, bidding him say at the Hall that they were a present from Hon Yost, whom he had met in the forest.

"May I come to see you again?" asked the young Indian, after he had exchanged his old clothes for the new.

"Yes, if you come alone! And keep my words; for no one beside you and Hon Yost must know that I am here! Come, and I will tell you of the deeds of your fathers—tell you of the brave works of your race, and show you how to tread the path before you!"

"I will come!" said the young Indian, and he took up the panther-skin and his rifle, and went away.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Another wild, wide bound over the desert of Time, with its wrecks and sleepy years, lay behind us; for in them there is nothing that claims more than a passing glance at our hands.

And what a change those years have wrought among our characters! In stature, as in age, Thayendanegea has become a man—in deed and fame, a warrior. The beard has stolen out upon the face of John Johnson, and the careless laugh of the boy has given place to the stern demeanor of the man. Guy Johnson, still mean, envious, full of treachery and guile, progresses with the rest along Time's pathway. He yet remains beneath the roof of Sir William, whose white hairs, more than any bodily infirmity, tell, too, that he is growing older. And Mr. O'Whackem still lives, the birchbark terror of the rising generation, and the "oracle" of the neighborhood. The ladies—I mean the young ones—have "spread" considerably, not *hoopfully*; but a truce to all of this re-descriptiveness. Imagine every one of my characters five or six years ahead of where we left them in the chapters preceding this, and so far as human progression goes you have them ready for the parts they have to play in the continuation of the tale.

It was spring, leafy, balmy June, in 1774. And those who now dwell in the valley of the Mohawk can tell you how bright and beautiful, how very pleasant is that month there after the long, cold winter has passed utterly away, and the late spring frosts peculiar to the region have vanished, and the young, green leaves and the bright flowers have come to life—to life and beauty.

It was a night for love, for the stars were looking from a cloudless sky, and the new moon showed its silvery crescent among them.

And there was love-making, or wooing, going on at that time in the vicinity of Johnson Hall. In one part of that grove, back of the Hall, wherein several of our scenes have taken place, Guy Johnson was seated with the fair and gentle Leonore, urging her to a speedy union—for he had of late fallen much in his uncle's esteem—and he wished to secure her and her prospective fortune, before some new evil would blot out his chances forever.

But she, ever timid and gentle, though devotedly fond of him, was averse to a haste which might offend her father, whose health had latterly been but poor and his temper none of the best.

In another part of that grove, John Johnson was love-making to Onalova, the sister of Thayendanegea, in his own impetuous way, for he was even more impulsive in his now-formed character than even his father had been in his younger days.

And Thayendanegea, too, was abroad on that balmy evening, not for the purpose of love-making, but led forth by the willful and now very lovely Kathleen, who had very often shown a preference for the noble-looking and educated brave, scarcely becoming in a maiden, yet well in accordance with all, except Leonore, of her father's blood. And a pale-face would undoubtedly have been flattered by such a preference from the favorite child of the wealthy baronet; yet Thayendanegea, while he listened to her flatteries and words that were even more than merely

kind, was cold as ice. He had nobler views ahead than that of dallying in love affairs—a warrior, stern in his nature, and only enthusiastic when he thought of the nobler path fame which he had marked out for himself, and meant, with all a warrior's zeal, to follow. And not such a warrior-fame as is generally accredited to the red man, cruelty and guile marking his footsteps with the blood of the helpless, but one which would leave for him a name untarnished.

"Where is your heart, Thayendanegea?" asked Kathleen, as they walked through the grove.

"Strong within my breast, like the heart of the oak!" was his reply.

"And will love never enter it?" she asked.

"Love is for women to talk about!" was his answer. "A warrior, whose eye is upon the war-path, has other things to think of."

"But there is no war now! Why should you be forever thinking of that?"

"Because it will come, and soon. Your father says so, and truth is on his lips. He never spoke to me with a forked tongue!"

"Well, it will come, and soon pass away, like the dreadful storm so long ago, which I never can forget; for there you saved my life. But I would rather see no war; for if it comes, then you may fall, as well as others who are dear to me—my father and my brother!"

"Your father will not tread the war-path. He is too old; but I will strike for him! If I fall, it will be as a brave should fall, and no one will weep for me!"

"How wrong and how cruel to say that!" Tears stole out from her blue eyes and down her fair cheeks, as she added: "If I weep at the thoughts, how much the more will I weep at the fact, should it ever occur. And Dyagetto, your good mother, and Onalova, your sister, will grieve all as much, I am sure!"

"The mother and sister of a Mohawk will never weep for his death, in battle, if his face is turned toward the foe!" he replied, as they passed from the grove toward the house.

"Will Onalova be my bride!" said John Johnson to the Indian girl, as he passed his arm around her waist, while they walked through the shadowy grove.

"Onalova has given her heart to you. She will never change while water flows down the hill-side, or the trees grow!" replied the girl.

"But while my father lives he will refuse to let the heir to his title marry the daughter of the Mohawk."

"He is a fool, then, for the child of the red man is as good as the son of the pale-face. If it is not so, why do you say that you love me?"

"You are as good, my proud girl. He will look higher for me!"

"If he looks too high, he will not see the path that he walks upon, and fall!" said the girl, proudly.

"That is true; but Onalova can be my bride in secret, without his knowledge, and when he passes to the spirit-land, I can tell all the world that she is mine!"

The girl looked at him keenly and hesitated to reply. He noticed this and said:

"If Onalova's heart is mine she will not pause to answer!"

"Her heart is yours, and she will not fear to trust you!" said the trusting girl, and, though colder in her nature, perhaps, as most of her race, than the pale-faces, she did not turn from his kisses, nor fear to listen to his plan for their secret marriage.

And at that very hour Guy Johnson had succeeded in gaining a reluctant consent from Leonore to take a similar step.

CHAPTER XXVII

Old Aroghyadecka paced to and fro, with a lowering brow, in the sitting-room of Sir William Johnson. His fiery eye never had gleamed more fiercely on the battle-field than it did then and there, and every quivering muscle showed the agitation of his mind—that there was a tempest in his breast. But, calm and imperturbable as ever, Sir William sat with a package of dispatches before him, which he had just received from Boston, announcing the all-important fact that hostilities had actually broken out between the colonists and the English government; that a revolution, likely to be long and bloody, had commenced. As a titled officer of King George,

from whom he had received many a favor, besides the lucrative post which he held, of course there was but one side which he could be expected to take in the coming struggle. And having so large a body of tenantry under his control, mostly Scotch and Irish, whom he had himself imported and placed upon his domains, and also a sure control of all the Indians except Oneida's, between him and Canada, in which province he also had great influence, his services were at once called for, not only to crush rebellion, as it was termed, should it rise in the thickly-settled valley of the Mohawk, but also to organize and excite the Indians to take part in the merciless warfare so soon to be commenced in that section, down the valley of the Hudson, and in the region of the Delaware and Schoharie.

And these were the instructions which accompanied the dispatches, telling of patriot and British blood having been already shed at Boston, of the determination of the king and his servants to crush the rebellion at all hazards and at all costs. And old as he was, determined to take the field in person, for the safety of his immense possessions depended on his beating back the patriots, whom he knew, led on by a Herkimer and a Willet, would not long be idle when the war-cry was raised in the valley.

The cause of the anger of the old Mohawk chief can better be discovered by the words of their conversation, than in any other way.

"Why must I, who have led my people to battle so often, be made to yield to that boy, whose face is like that of a squaw?" he asked, at last.

"For three reasons," replied Sir William. "First, it is his right, too long delayed. Next, he is a brave warrior, young as he is, and though his rights are yet unknown to him or his tribe, no man so popular there as he. Lastly, it is my will! You are old—need rest rather than to travel on the war-path!"

"The great chief has counted as many summers as I have, and the snows of as many winters are upon his hairs!" said the old chief, not so angrily as when he asked his question, for, knowing as he did that the baronet was in no humor to be trifled with, he deemed caution to be his best policy.

"True, but I have a son and a nephew, reared as soldiers, to lead my warriors to battle, and Thayendanegea must and shall lead the Mohawks—aye, and the Six Nations, if I will it! None of the chiefs of the Senecas, or Onondagos, or Cayugas will offer, like you, to oppose my will!"

"The great chief has spoken, and Aroghyadecka will now be silent. Let the will of my brother be done," said the wily chief, but there was treachery in his look as he spoke. "I will call a council, and myself name Thayendanegea as my successor, for I am old, and, like a rotten tree, scarce fit to be cut down, but ready to fall with the first blast that comes. It is winter with me—I will fold my arms, and sit down in my wigwam to die, while the young braves follow the path I first led them on!"

The sad tone of the old Indian, more than aught else, led the old baronet to believe in his sincerity. And there was a tone of sympathy in his voice, and a look of pity in his face, as he said:

"Let Aroghyadecka be cheerful—he retires to rest, and live in comfort now. He shall never lack for food or blankets while I or my children live. And when his braves come back to dance the scalp-dance, his will be the seat of honor at the council-fire, for they will remember his great deeds when he was young, and we fought the French side by side, and will make his heart glad with their praises!" And then he went to get brandy himself, for he had reasons for wishing to have this interview uninterrupted, even by a servant, for he knew the vital importance of keeping the news utterly secret which he had received.

Had he seen the wily and devilish look of hatred which followed him from the old Indian's eyes, he would have been more upon his guard, and had he seen the old villain take from his pouch some of the deadly berries of the ground-hemlock, and squeeze them into the goblet of silver from which the old general always drank, his life would have been longer spared, and his death less shrouded in mystery than it was.

Scarce had Aroghyadecka, with a skill which would have made him immortal in the days of Lucretia Borgia, placed the deadliest portion known to the aborigines of the North,

in the goblet, when Sir William returned, and pouring out a glass of liquor for the Mohawk, also put a hearty draught in his own goblet, and raising it to his lips, said:

"We will drink to King George and our future friendship, Aroghyadeeka, and then we will smoke a peace-pipe together, as we have often done before, and sweep away all clouds from between us."

He drank, and almost upon the instant began to feel the effects of the poison.

"Dog! you have slain me!" he gasped, as he strove to reach the door.

"You first, Thayendanegea next!" said the old murderer, as he pushed the already tottering baronet back in his chair, where he gasped for only a few moments, and then stiffened in death.

Then hastening away, he met Guy Johnson first, to whom he said:

"The great chief is sick—maybe he'll die!"

A gleam of pleasure, rather than of pain, shot from the eyes of the heartless nephew, when he heard this news, but he could not avoid alarming the family, and himself hastening to the baronet's room.

All was now excitement and mourning through the mansion, and all the settlement. Weeping and wailing was seen and heard upon every hand, for, as a master and a friend, as a husband and a father, no one was ever more loved than he.

The physician, who had so long known every symptom of his ailings, and every fault of his constitution, decided that the baronet had died of apoplexy, for he knew nothing of the nature of the poison which he had taken, and the appearance of the deceased was such as is left by an apoplectic fit. None, for a moment, thought how he had perished, for he had been in usual health until a few moments of the time when he perished.

John, who at once became a baronet, as the only son and nearest heir of his father, though convulsed with grief—for he was an affectionate son, no matter what his other faults were—at once took possession of his papers, and his last dispatches, and secured them, for he saw their importance.

Among the many who hurried to the room where the corpse laid, was our old friend, Hon Yost Schuyler.

He had ever an idle way of peering about, and searching into things which did not much concern him, and upon this occasion he took up the goblet from which the poisoned draught had been swallowed, and smelled its contents, if any there were in it, perchance to see if there was any of his favorite beverage, liquor, left in it.

The moment that he did so, he started, turned pale, and set the goblet down.

"Dunder and blixen, I wonder if der olt man is a pigger fool dan me, and has made himself avay mit a suicide!" he muttered, in a low tone, unheard by those who were weeping around, and then he went and smelled of the other glass, which still contained some liquor, and this he did not set down with such haste and tremor as the other.

And as now, Aroghyadeeka was telling his tale, which was that the late baronet had sent a runner to him to bid him come and see him, that he did so, and, while talking, Sir William suddenly fell back in his chair in a dying state—Hon Yost listened to the story with all attention.

Again he shook his head, as he stood back from the rest, and muttered to himself:

"Dere's something tam plack in dis matter. Old Mohawk know all about dat poison. De baronet, unelo Sir Pill, didn't know it. Something plack, and if I don't find it out, den I'm a pigger fool dan some folks take me to be!"

Neither his words or actions were overheard or noticed, for the company in the room were too much engaged in looking upon the corpse, and hearing the narration of the only witness to the baronet's illness.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

It was a few hours later, and night had spread its cloak of darkness over the earth. The Mohawk chief, half drunk with liquor, obtained from Mr. O'Whackem and others, who had wished to hear his tale of the baronet's sudden illness and death, was reeling along toward his village, when he suddenly came upon a camp by the side of the trail or path, and saw Hon Yost sitting by the fire,

smoking as usual, for it was indeed unusual to see him without that appendage there.

"Hallo, olt Tuyvelbug, stop here a minute or two!" cried Hon Yost, as he saw Aroghyadeeka approaching. "I want a word mit you! S'pose you take a trink mit me now, like you did mit Uncle Sir Pill to-day! I won't put no croud-hemlock in my pottle!"

Drunk as the old Indian was, the startling words of the Dutchman seemed to sober him in an instant.

"What does my pale-faced brother mean?" he said, first pausing a moment, and then advancing slowly toward the fire.

"Yust vot I says—I ton't put croud-hemlock in my pottle ven I trinks mit minself!" said the Dutchman, and, as if to prove his words, he raised a bottle to his lips and drank of its contents.

"What does my brother know of hemlock?" asked the wily Indian, approaching still closer to Hon Yost.

"Dat it kills in less time dan you can cut a deer's trout!" replied Hon Yost. "And more dan dat—to-day dere died mit hemlock de pest friend you Injun redskins ever had—Uncle Sir Pill Yonson—and I pelieves dat you Tuyvelbug was de one dat kill him mit it!"

"You'll never say so much to other ears, dog of a pale-face!" cried the Indian, and at a bound he sprang upon Hon Yost with his hatchet raised for a death-blow.

But the Dutchman was too much used to Indians and their ways to be entirely unprepared for the assault, sudden as it was. Stooping suddenly, almost to the ground, he evaded the blow of the hatchet, and catching him by the legs, fairly toppled him over, and pitched him headlong into the fire. With a wild yell of rage as well as pain, the Mohawk sprang through the blaze, and was about to renew a struggle, which he knew would be of death to one or the other—and he feared the divulging of the secret gained by Hon Yost more than he did death, for to a shameful death he knew it would bring him. An Indian would sooner endure any torture than perish by the gallows—for it is a belief with every tribe which I have known, that the spirit of an Indian who has been hanged, can never enter the happy hunting-grounds above—their heaven—but must wander forevermore in a place of woe and darkness. And well it were if whites thought the same—they would be more careful how they deserved hanging.

But Hon Yost had reached his rifle before the Indian could make his second leap, and, with it cocked and full-levelled at the breast of the maddened chief, he cried:

"If ever you pray, you olt heathen tog, do it quick now, for a tead Injun I'll make mit you yust so sure as I live!"

Aroghyadeeka hesitated a moment, but the fire of desperation was in his eye, and he would have bounded forward to meet his death—for the aim of Hon Yost never failed—but at this moment the white-haired and mysterious Indian, whom we have seen so few times, stepped from the dark gloom of the woods within the circle of fire-light right between Hon Yost and his intended victim.

"Ugh! Ogahtee's spirit comes to curse me!" yelled Aroghyadeeka, wildly, and dropping his uplifted hatchet, he turned and fled madly away into the woods.

"Got in himmel, you spoiled the best shot I could have made dis ten years!" growled Hon Yost, as he lowered his gun, sulkily, and took up his bottle from the ground, only to find that its contents had been wasted in the struggle, because the cork was out. "Dunder und 'blixen, und my prandy-wines gone to ter tuyvell! Worsen and more worse, I s'pose next mine shmoke-pipe sh proke to smash—no, dere it ish!" he growled, a little mollified to find that at least one comfort was left to him. "Vy for you not let me shoot dat Tuyvelbug Injun?" he continued.

"His time has not come, and it is not by your hand that he must die!" said Ogahtee, quietly.

"Vel, den, de Tuyvelbug shall hang, for I will go and tell Yon Yonson who give his fader de croud-hemlock dat make him die!"

"No; the Great Spirit has given him to me. For many a weary moon—many a long year—I have suffered at his hands. For him my wife and children were sent far from me toward the sunset, and he must fall by my hand. It was as well, too, that the pale-faced

chief died at his hands, for both were linked in the treachery which made my hairs white as winter's snow, while yet I was young and strong as the oak. For a squaw I was sold from sunlight to darkness—a warrior killed to make my tribe think I was slain, and those I loved sent far away!"

"Und Uncle Sir Pill did all dis to you, Mr. Vite-haired Injun—all dis, und for a voman squaw?"

"Yes; I have spoken—and my tongue is not forked!"

"Dat is so; I know dat for true for dis long time. I have hunt mit you, eat mit you, and smoke mit you. But you bromise me dis long times to tell vot I may call your names, und vy me kill dears und oder game for Dyagetto, und vy you knows all about everypodies, und dey knows nothing about you!"

"The time has come, my brother. I am Ogahtee, the true chief of the Mohawks—Dyagetto is my wife—Thayendanegea my son!"

"Dunder und blitzen, you vos tead so long ago, as ven I vos a poy, und now you comes back to life!"

"You brought me back to life when you helped me from the cave. I have waited long for revenge. One is gone—the other foe shall follow before another sun sinks from the sky down to rest!"

"Dat is coot, put I must see der fun!"

"You shall be with my tribe when I show them my boy, and prove who and what I am. But I must see him soon; he must know, too, who I am, and know that he has rights too long kept in darkness from his eyes!"

"Dat, too, is coot; und for you I will go und send him to our old lodge!"

"It is well—go! I will be there before the light shines in the morning. Now I go to see Dyagetto, and she shall no longer mourn for me, and think that the Spirits of the Night take food to her!"

"All is coot, den, und I shall be so glad as never vos wen I sees de fun mit old Tuyvelbug to-morrow!"

The two now parted, the one going toward Johnson Hall, the other toward the Mohawk village, both following the trail even in the darkness, with that certainty which only long practice in the forest can give to man.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Within a lodge, which bore the signs of the smoke and the weather of many seasons, sat Dyagetto, the noble mother of Thayendanegea—sat there alone, working upon some of the choice and beautiful embroidery peculiar to her nation—probably upon some garment or ornament for her beloved children, for never mother loved children with deeper love than she. And why, one would ask, did she prefer thus to dwell so far away from them in that lone lodge?

For two reasons, and both compatible with the natural, proud nobility, and the unchanging faithfulness of her character.

First, though for the sake of the care and advancement of her children, she was willing that they should dwell beneath the roof of Johnson Hall, for herself she would accept no favor at the hands of the lordly and wealthy owner; for she knew but too well what he had done to gain the loveliest maiden of the Mohawk tribe, whom her father, Aroghyadeeka, would part with upon no terms, as she had been led to believe, but the death of her loved husband, and the perpetual banishment of herself and children; while he, bold and wily villain that he was, was, through Sir William's boundless influence, raised to the position of chief of the Mohawks, which, by right of heritage, as well as valor, belonged to the noble Ogahtee, her husband. Broken-hearted, and too proud to bear her shame, the bartered maiden—Aroghyadeeka's daughter—died; and then the baronet felt keenly the price of his wrong to Ogahtee, supposing, as all did, that the brave chief had fallen by the hand of an assassin—for a body, clad in his garments, but unrecognizably mutilated, had been found and buried as Ogahtee, with all the honors of his tribe, in their ancient burial ground. But, as we have seen, it was not he. But one who, belonging to another tribe, and having disappeared suddenly, was supposed to have been the assassin who had done the base deed, while, by the merciless cruelty of Aroghyadeeka, Ogahtee was buried in the deep recesses of a cave, wherefrom no egress

could be had, save by help from without, there to hear the taunts of his fiendish enemy, who only fed him that he might live and suffer.

The second reason why Dyagetto dwelt there alone, was, that the lodge where first she had dwelt as a happy bride, was near Ogahtee's grave, or the grave where she thought he lay, and to it she could make her daily pilgrimages, and pour out a sorrow which, with her, could know no end—a sorrow for the loss of her first and only love.

Is there a heroism of love? Ah! more scarce than angels' visits now, is it! Those Christian women, or many of them, who laugh or shudder at the terrible *fidelity*—for it should know no other name—which causes the Hindoo widow voluntarily to mingle her ashes with those of her dead husband, upon his funeral pyre, rather than survive him—will themselves weep over the tomb of a husband for a few days, and then, forgetting all past love and sacred vows; seek and win and take another to their widowed breasts—cast off their mourning weeds of *mockery*, and be smiling brides again. Is not this true?

And how few do we see in this heartless, modern world, which I so much despise, who will, like Dyagetto, love and mourn their dead, through a long, dark life-time—how very few?

Again I say that the *heroism* of love, in hearts which despise the heathen, is more scarce than honesty in Wall street, or patriotism in a politician—two things utterly unknown, and out of date.

But back, wild, wandering mind, back from the field of reflective truth to the pathway of my story.

Dyagetto sat there alone, a quiet sorrow resting upon her noble face, like a shadow upon an unruffled lake. But a footstep near her door aroused her from her pensive attitude, and she listened, as if fear of annoyance was in her breast, and pushed back the Indian lamp of fish oil, which had sat upon the table before her, and shadowed it with her hand.

"Is it that accursed Aroghyadecka, who comes again to torment me, as he threatened, or the good Spirits of the Night, who so long have brought the widow food, though she was forbidden to look upon them?" she said.

She paused and listened, for the footsteps had ceased, and all was for a moment still. Then a voice, low and gentle, like one which she had heard in tones of love, long years before—and who can ever forget that voice of love?—came softly upon her ear, from the front of the lodge.

"Can Dyagetto make her heart brave, so that she can look upon the Spirit of the Night, and feel no fear?"

For a moment the woman trembled and paused, for brave, indeed, were she, who could be calm in such circumstances. Then gathering back her brave thoughts, she replied;

"Dyagetto will pray to the Great Spirit, and then her heart will know no fear."

And for a moment her heart looked up to God, and asked for strength; and who will say that He would be deaf to such a "heathen's" prayer?

Then she said calmly, and without fear: "The heart of Dyagetto is clean, her eyes are open, and she is not afraid to gaze upon the Spirit of the Night!"

"Even if it comes in the shape of the lost Ogahtee?" continued a voice.

"More glad were Dyagetto to see the shape of her lost Ogahtee than to look upon all the glories of the happy hunting-ground!"

Softly the door opened, and the white-haired Indian—the father of her children, the husband of her youth—stood before her, his tall frame quivering with a life-emotion too powerful for other utterance.

Oh, how piercing are the eyes of true love! No bandaged Cupid let me see! Love is not blind! Though sorrow and suffering had bleached the hair she last had looked upon when jetty was its hue—though the once smooth brow was now furrowed by many a deep line of care and woe, and though the manly form was wasted by long suffering, her eye, like her heart, could not be deceived, and she bounded with a wild cry to his arms, even as a lost child would leap to meet its mother, and cried:

"It is Ogahtee's self! blest Spirit of the Night!"

And for a time no sound was heard, save

the beating of two hearts, one against the other, and the heavy breathing from lips which could not speak.

Then tears came from the heavenly portals of joy, then low words of gladness were heard, and a tale of suffering and woe, on either part, was told, so mingled with the happiness of the present that it hardly could seem sad, even like the shower that comes when the sun is shining.

"Have you seen our noble Thayendanega?" asked Dyagetto, after the first explanations were over.

"My eyes have watched over him for many moons, even as the eagle looks closely after its young!" replied Ogahtee. "And," he added, "he is fit to rule the Mohawks now, and lead them on to battle. And to-morrow, when Aroghyadecka goes down to darkness, black as his own heart, Thayendanega shall stand before them as their chief. But to him we now must go, for he must know his father. The time has come."

Bearing with her an embroidered belt and hunting-shirt, which she had made for him, Dyagetto hastened with her husband to meet her son. All was yet night without; but there was no darkness within the hearts of those who went forth in it—all was light there.

Not many minutes had the old lodge been empty, before the stealthy steps of two persons approached, and soon the forms of two of our characters made their appearance at the door, which in love's forgetfulness had been left open, as well as the light burning by Ogahtee and his wife, when they went out.

First the hateful face of Aroghyadecka, none the more improved by the fiery ordeal through which Hon Yost had so lately passed him, peered in through the open door, and then over his shoulder looked the scarred visage of his son Ispico, of whom we have lost sight for a long time, but who had in some way regained his father's favor, perchance for his very ugliness and natural devilry.

"She is not there; she has heard our steps, and fled like the frightened doe from its nest, when it hears the hunter come!" said the old Indian.

"If we hide, she will come back to her nest," said the son.

"We cannot wait. We must be ready for the council, to-morrow; for soon our warriors must tread the war-path!" replied Aroghyadecka, and he turned away, followed by Ispico.

CHAPTER XXX.

"Well, we are here. Where is he who sent for me?" said Thayendanega, impatiently, just at the day's dawn, as he stood with Hon Yost before the lodge in the ravine, where Ogahtee had dwelt so long.

"He said he would be here mit de daylight, and he always speaks for true!" replied Hon Yost.

"Yes—my tongue is not forked—I am here!" said Ogahtee, as he stepped from the lodge, with Dyagetto by his side, his arm upon her neck, and her's around his waist.

And nobly now did he look, for he wore the rich garb of a chief, and a lofty look of joy and pride, such as Thayendanega had never seen him wear before, though often the young Indian had sought him there to hear words of advising wisdom from his lips, little knowing who it was that spoke them.

The young Indian looked at both and their position with suspicious astonishment, but did not speak, for he knew not what to say or ask.

"Does Thayendanega remember the land of the Miamis?" asked Dyagetto.

"He has not forgotten the dogs that live toward the setting sun!" replied Thayendanega.

"And does he remember that there his mother promised that the time should come when he should know who his brave father was?"

"Thayendanega remembers that we came to seek his grave!"

"That grave had not been filled! Behold Ogahtee, the true chief of the Mohawks, and your father!" cried the proud mother.

"My mind is dark—make it more light," said Thayendanega, still with distrust.

And then to him the tale of wonder was told, so strange and yet so true, and he learned for the first time who and what he was, and why he had been so much inclined to rever

ence the white-haired man, whom now he knew as father, and embraced with the filial love of a son. Hard were it to describe the feelings of those so long separated, but now united, to part only when death should send his messenger unto them.

It is only just to say, that Hon Yost danced a Dutch hornpipe for very glee, broke his "smoke-pipe," and kicked over and shattered his beloved "prandy pottle," in honor of the occasion, and never grumbled at his loss.

But while this was going on as a "solo" upon his part, or rather as a "voluntary," Ogahtee and his son were arranging their plan for presenting themselves before the Council of the Mohawks, which they knew had been ordered to assemble at that day.

What those plans were, another chapter and their result must show.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Perhaps no scene in the world would remind one of the potent gravity of those great sages and orators, who once gave laws to Greece and Rome, when they were powerful as republics, and first among the known nations in art and civilization—of the wisdom of those old senators who listened to a Demosthenes, and a Cicero, in grave silence, and thought of what they heard, than the sight of an Indian council in full assemblage, upon an important occasion.

I have been present at more than one, and as I saw them seated around their council fire, the oldest warriors and the chiefs within, and the younger braves without the circle, first in solemn silence passing around the pipe which all must whiff, and then in a quiet, still as the tomb, listening to each warrior who rose in turn to speak, I have contrasted the scene with the noisy debates, the lack of dignity, and respect each for the other exhibited by our senators and representatives, which I have witnessed in our national councils at Washington, and felt that the savages were by far the most respectable in their demeanor.

The Mohawks were in council; their fire lighted in the huge wigwam devoted to that purpose; the sentinels posted like *tylers* without, to keep back any curious listener or eavesdropper who might approach the sacred building; for no Christian holds his church more sacred—nay, apparently not half so much so—as the red men do their council houses.

The pipe of friendship had passed from lip to lip, and all was still but the slight crackling of the fire that formed the centre of the circle.

Aroghyadecka arose, his crimes as yet all unknown to his tribe, and while he held a black belt in his hand, he spoke:

"Brothers: it is already known to you, that the great chief of the pale-faces—our father, Sir William Johnson—has gone up to the land of spirits. His children are crying. And we weep with them. Their hearts are under a cloud—its shadow also rests upon us. But another chief will fill his place as our friend, from the Great Father, King George, beyond the big salt waters!"

He paused a moment, and taking a red belt from his nearest attendant, Ispico, continued:

"Yet while our hearts are sorrowful for the loss of our great friend, I have news to tell that will make you glad. Before he passed away, he bade me call this council, and to tell you that he wished you to sharpen your knives and hatchets, and to be ready to tread the war-path. The men of Boston have broken faith with their Great Father, and many more pale-faces through the land mean to do the same. Our Great Father has dug up the hatchet to punish them. He calls upon his red children, the Mohawks, to help him do this work. He will give us many guns, much powder and lead, and fire-water, and feed our wives and children, while we are far away upon his war-path. I told our friend and father that for myself I was a friend to King George. I would dig up the hatchet, paint my face, and fight for him. For you it is to say—will you go where Aroghyadecka leads?"

A murmur of approval followed; then all was still, and Thayendanega, the most popular of all the younger braves, arose and said:

"Brothers and fathers! I have not lived so many winters as many of you, but I know that your ears will be open to my words, and

I will speak. Brothers! I am glad that the hatchet is to be dug up and that we are again to walk the war-path, for I am tired of doing nothing. My heart is hungry for action. But I must tell you a story brought to me by a bird. It is about a brave chief who loved his people and was beloved by them—for he was first upon the war-path, and his wigwam was ever open to the hungry and the naked. But there was a snake in his tribe. And he wound himself around the neck of the brave chief, and dragged him away to a cave, and hid him, and his people mourned for him as dead! And the snake, who worked in the dark, and was more cunning than the fox, came out among the people, and made himself great.

"Brothers, I am ready to tread with you the war-path, but first behold the snake, and look upon my father, Ogahtee, your rightful and long-lost chief!"

And as the young brave uttered these words, he pointed with one hand at Aroghyadecka, and with the other at his father, who, at that moment, walked into the council-house, clad in the most regal of savage garbs.

In an instant Aroghyadecka sprang to his feet with a look of defiance on his face, but when his eye met that of Ogahtee, he sunk down to the ground again, and, while he uttered a low groan, he drew his blanket over his head,* for he knew that he was to die—the Indians had recognised their chief.

And then and there was seen that stoic and sage-like gravity, of which I spoke at the opening of this chapter. The whole circle knew their chief, but remained silent for him to tell his story, and make the explanation, which they knew he would give.

He advanced within the circle, and in quiet dignity told all, even to the poisoning of Sir William Johnson, by the traitor, who cowered in their midst.

When he was done, an aged warrior arose and said:

"Brother, Father, and Chief! we welcome you as one who has come back from the spirit-land to us! Our hearts, which long bled for your loss, are made whole again! We will make a feast, and our people will all rejoice. And when the hatchet is dug up, none but Ogahtee shall lead the Mohawks on the war-path! I have spoken!"

* When an Indian's crime, meriting death, is discovered by his brethren, he is never or scarcely ever known to try to escape, but covering his head in despair from view, silently awaits his trial and his doom.

Ogahtee, who had sat down, rose to his feet again and said:

"My ears were open to my brother's words! But I am old and my limbs are stiff, though my heart is warm and strong for my people. Thayendanegea is my only son. You know that he is brave. Let him lead the Mohawks to the field. I have done!"

A single word, and that of approval from all the council, except Ispico and his doomed father, told how well the proposition was received. Thayendanegea was their leader.

Another warrior now arose and demanded that the "snake" should be sentenced to his deserved doom. But Ogahtee rose and said:

"Brothers, it is not for us to defile our hands with his blood. He has murdered a pale-face, let him meet his trial and his doom at their hands. Send him to the great castle, and there let him be given up to those whom he last wronged. For myself I forgive him—I cannot tread upon a fallen foe!"

Aroghyadecka moaned in agony when he heard these words, for he would rather have had every hatchet there used in chopping him limb from limb than meet the fate which he knew would be in store for him when his treachery was known at Johnson Hall.

A guard of young braves instantly arose and bore the wretched criminal away, while his shamed son slunk away from the council. Then, with all formality, the pipe was once more passed around and the council-fire put out.

The council was over, and could not again be called but by order of the chief. Then, for the first time, glad shouts rent the air—guns were fired and a feast was quickly prepared to show how gladly the Mohawks welcomed Ogahtee back—how they could best do him honor.

had tried all that was mortal of Sir William Johnson was returning to the hall. And at the same time, more rapidly, a large body of gaily-dressed Indians were approaching from the direction of the Mohawk village. Proudly, upon his coal-black steed, yet as fiery as when he first bestrode it, yet as all-obedient, rode Thayendanegea at their head, and by his side, on either hand, rode Ogahtee and his noble mother, Dragetto. And, back in the centre, close bound and guarded, was Aroghyadecka, now so far back into the Indian mood that showed neither fear or contrition, but glared hatred and defiance upon all around him.

The Indians moved more slowly as the sad array of mourners met their view, and it was not until all of the females had passed into the hall, that Thayendanegea rode up to the porch where Sir John Johnson and others, males, of the household waited to know the meaning of this visitation.

"Why were you, of all the rest, away from the funeral of my father, to whom you surely owed some duty and respect?" said Sir John, with stern sadness, to Thayendanegea.

"I owed a duty and respect to my own father, Ogahtee, the Chief of the Mohawks!" said Thayendanegea, proudly, as he pointed to his noble-looking father. "And a duty I have done to you and your father's memory, for I bring his murderer here for you to deal with!"

"His murderer—my father murdered!" cried Sir John, as he looked at Aroghyadecka, who had been brought forward at a sign from Thayendanegea.

"Yes, I killed him; he would have robbed me of my rights—I have lost all now; kill me if you are not a coward!" cried Aroghyadecka, who hoped, by exciting an instant revenge, yet to escape the doom he most dreaded!

"Madness—he was not slain, no mark of violence was upon him!" cried Sir John.

"Indian poison leaves no mark!" said the old Mohawk, with a sardonic smile.

"Who else can prove this, for surely the man must be insane to thus commit himself to a deed for which he shall hang so sure as it is true!"

"Mc—Hon Yost—knows dat he did it, Sir Yohn Yohnson," cried our old Dutch friend, pushing through the crowd which had gathered near. "I shmeit der cround-heinlock in der silver bowl vot your fader drink his prandy mit—den I go and meet der Injun on der trail and sharge him mit it, und, Cot in himmel, der olt Tuyvel-bug tried to make away mit me! Dat's der truth, so help me mine Cot!"

"Put the red villain in the guard-house under a strong guard—shoot him if he tries to escape. A short shrift and a stout rope shall be his doom after a proper examination!" cried Sir John, now reddening with excitement, for he began to feel that, indeed, had his father perished by means most base and unnatural.

Then he bade Thayendanegea and his friend to alight and enter the house, that he might hear the history which they had to reveal.

It was near the sunset of another day, and in the grove back of Johnson Hall, a far different scene was about to be enacted than has yet been my lot, in this work, to describe.

A rude gallows had been erected, so far back that the sight could not be seen by those whose sex should ever keep them back in horror from a scene of violent death, though blessed angels oft are they when they stand by the bedside of the sufferer, to soothe him or her in the agonies of dissolution, and, with sympathetic tear and gentle hand, to close the eye just glazed by the frost of death.

Around this gallows was formed a detachment of the armed Highlanders under McDonald, in which the late baronet had taken such delight, and their stern visages and revengeful eyes boded no good will to the condemned prisoner, who stood upon its platform above their bayonets, ready to meet the fate to which he had been sentenced by stern and relentless judges.

Around, also, as close as they could get, were the many tenants and retainers of the estate, prominent amongst whom were our friends Daly—not the Patrick—but the doctor, secretary Lafferty, Mr. O'Whackem, etc. But not a single Indian was in view. It was a sight which they more than all men on earth dread to see.

Upon the scaffold beside Aroghyadecka

stood Hon Yost, for he had asked the privilege of hanging "Old Tuyvelbug," to whom he had always felt an antipathy, but increased by the Indian's late attempt upon his life.

The rope was already around the Indian's neck, and but a touch of the tipping-board, which served for a drop, was required to "launch him into eternity," as the reporters say. But, by the looks occasionally cast around, it would seem that some one was waited for before the execution could be concluded.

Many were the remarks made by the bystanders, but not one which exhibited any feeling for the criminal, who stood like a bronze statue of defiant hate—a scowl upon his brow, a flashing pair of eyes, lips close drawn, and a form more firm than the stout post by his side.

"Faith, it's a stiff dance he'll make when he threads upon nothin'!" said Lafferty to O'Whackem. "There's never a quiver to lip, leg, or eye-lash!"

"It's because we haven't any music for him, poor dog. If we had, he might give us a semi-quaver at any rate!"

"Och, boys, he's no subject to be joking at!" said Doctor Daly.

"Be asy now, doctor dear, an' jist think what you said at dinner!" cried the school-master. "You were sayin' what a capital subject, he'd make for dissection. Och, it's yourself will be cutting worse jokes on him directly, I'm a thinkin'!"

This battle of words was now cut short by the appearance of those by whom he had been tried, who, with Sir John Johnson among them, approached, according to custom, to see their sentence executed.

Now all was silence in the crowd; for they felt what all must feel, no matter how vile the criminal, an inward thrill of horror at the approach of the very moment when a human being is to be coolly cast from life into the jaws of death, before their very eyes. Men, who glory in the sanguinary excitement of the battle-field, will shudder at such a moment.

At this instance, when the signal was about to be given, the prisoner, whose hands had apparently been securely bound, raised both hands, which, in some way he had slipped from the cords which bound them, and, with the quickness of thought, slipped the noose from his neck, while Hon Yost stood aghast, and, with a wild yell of triumph, cast himself upon the tripple hedge of uplifted bayonets below, meeting an almost instant death, and at last escaping the doom which he most dreaded!

"Dunder! Mine Cot, vot a yump!" cried Hon Yost, as he bent over the scaffold, and looked upon the quivering body which the blood-bespotted soldiers were trying to disengage from their bayonets.

The crowd uttered a groan of disappointment and turned away; for they knew that all was over with the poisoner of Sir William Johnson.

"What d'ye think o' your subject now, doctor dear?" asked O'Whackem, as he and his friends started homeward.

"That he's like yourself, O'Whackem—a devilish bad subject, and not worth the outtin' up!" replied the doctor.

"I'll be a subject if you'll stand trate, doctor!" said Lafferty.

"I'm your man for that, my boy; but what kind of a subject will you be?"

"Faith, a dry one, ould saw-bones!"

Thus joking, as the sons of Erin ever are, whether it be at a funeral or elsewhere, our friends "professional" passed on, and all was still and quiet, where the mangled body of Aroghyadecka lay, for no one had touched it after the bayonets were withdrawn.

It was an hour later, and gloom seemed to hang heavy in the sky, for dark and lowering clouds were there. And all was still in the grove, for no wind stirred the branches of the gloomy pines. It seemed as if the spirits of the air felt that the spot where the dead murderer lay was accursed, and while they hung the heavy pall of gloom far, far above, below they would not come!

But one comes shuddering and creeping through the chill darkness—one who, though a coward, feared not to seek, perchance, his last friend upon earth—for the world hold-back in horror even from the son of a murderer—and this was Ispico, come to weep and

mean above the mangled corpse of his father, whose brave leap from life to death he had witnessed from a tree-top, not very far away; but in which he had lain concealed until he felt certain no one was near the body.

Oh, tell me not there is a heart so bad in all this wide, wide world, in which there is not one good drop of blood. Inhuman, as ignorant, is the humanity which would utter it.

Here, in the gloom of night, we see one of the worst of our characters—one who is cowardly, treacherous, malicious, and false—with enough of filial love to seek his degraded parent's corpse, perchance to give it burial, nor leave it to the dogs or wolves, as better men would do—at least, to shed the tear of sorrow there.

He finds all that is left of Aroghyadeeka, whose faults forgetting, we can half afford to pity, and casts himself upon it, with a low, wild moan, which speaks like the voice of a breaking heart.

But, hark! Quick, loud, and fearful another voice is heard. It is the voice of the storm which has been gathering in black silence overhead. The bursting thunder shakes the earth! The red lightning leaps along the sky, stoops down to earth, shattering everything it meets, scattering only when its fiery work is done.

Ah! see, a red bolt strikes the gallows tree—down it speeds on him who can feel but heeds not, on the senseless corpse as well—and Ispico is beyond the reach of hate and scorn—his freed spirit speeds on wings of fire to look for that of his father in the hunting-grounds above!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Once more, reader, leap with me over a lapse of time, which, though full of thrilling incidents, all closely linked with the struggle of our brave forefathers for freedom, still may not be embraced within the narrow limits of a *novellette*, as this only professes to be.

This much I will say: Guy Johnson, after becoming the king's superintendent of Indian affairs, through a manoeuvre characteristic of himself—and you already know him—married Leonore publicly, though she long had been his wife; and Onalova became the bride of Sir John Johnson, against the will of Ogaltee and Dyagetto, who, proud of their blood, would not that one of their race should link with a pale-face; and Sir John, having broken his parole to the American cause, had been long driven from his immense and fair domains, which were confiscated to the patriot cause, and he, made a general in the British cause, had raised a large body of Canadians and Tories called the "Johnson Greens," and, with all the confederacy of the Six Nations, except the brave and true Onedias, to aid him, with Thayendanegea at their head—he, who now was known as the "Scourge of the Pale-Faces, and the War-Eagle of the Mohawks"—he, Sir John, with Guy Johnson and the ever-infamous Butlers, Walter and John, was sweeping over the fair Valley of the Mohawk, down upon the Delaware, the Susquehanna, the Unadilla, and the Schoharie, to the terror and destruction of all that came in the way, of life and property.

So much for a bird's-eye glance at some of our characters, which could not well be avoided; and, now, back to our story, and let incidents work their way once more.

Come with me to the lovely valley of the Unadilla. It is night, and, in a forest dense and lofty, behold a hundred gleaming fires, and around them grouped five hundred bronzed and well-armed Indian warriors. Who is this, tall and nobly formed, yet silent and stern, that stands by a lone fire, all solitary and apart from the rest? It is the great War-Eagle—it is Thayendanegea—and these are not a tithe of the red warriors who look to him as their master-spirit and their leader. Why stands he there so proud and all alone? He feels himself a very king, and, though his throne is the leaf-strewn ground, his canopy the star-gemmed sky, his sceptre the rifle in his hand, his truncheon the hatchet in his belt, his crown the eagle plumes above his lofty brow, few monarchs more potent in their realm than he.

Ah! there comes a pale-face, all as fully armed, threading his way along among the warriors and their fires to that of Thayendanegea.

"Well, Hon Yost, what news?" asks the chief, haughtily.

"Vel, Mister Var-Eagle, de news is yust dis," said our old Dutch friend: "Yeneral Herkimer has come to Unadilla all de vay for to see you. Dat I finds out vile I plays de fool in his camp."

"He shall see me, if he be not blind. How many men has he?"

"Yust about four hundreds, I dinks."

"Were they four thousand, instead of four hundred, still he should see me. Thayendanegea turns his back upon no man—least of all, a foe!"

"Und I dinks he means to send a committee, or somedinks of dat kind, mit a vite flag, in der morning. I listen by der general's pig tent, and hear dem talk that way."

"No committee of rebels shall visit my camp!" said the chief. "Yet will I see him. He was once my neighbor and my friend! He has joined the wrong side, and, if we meet in battle, he must pay the cost!"

The chief then called a subordinate to his side, and bade him place pickets far in advance of his lines, to prevent any intrusion into his camp, and to guard against surprise. Then, turning to Hon Yost, he said:

"Go back to the camp of the pale-faces, beware of their fire-water, and gather more news. Let me see you in the morning!"

"I vil go, Mister Var-Eagle, but yust blease let me have a tollar or two, to make mine fun with."

The chief drew the money from his pouch and cast it haughtily upon the ground, at the feet of the spy, saying:

"Take it—go—but beware of the fire-water! You know me!"

If I didn't, den does nopody, ven I seen you since a poyl! muttered Hon Yost, as he picked up the money and hastened away upon his errand.

The chief now drew his blanket closer around him, and cast himself upon the ground, to sleep as securely as an emperor in his palace.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

It was morning, and the sun rose upon a lovely scene. Out beyond a forest, dense and dark, that wherein lay Thayendanegea and his band, was a lovely plain, and it was dotted with the white tents of the little but well-appointed army of the brave Herkimer. There the music of mustering men, turning out for guard-mounting, could be heard, and bright arms glittered in the rays of the just-risen sun. And white pillars of smoke rose from their many camp-fires and vanished away in the blue ether above.

But from that forest of dark green, no smoke-cloud rose to tell where the army of the forest king was encamped, or what his numbers were. He was too wary for that. It was enough for him to assure his pale-faced opponent of the presence of Indians there, by sending out small pickets of red-skinned warriors, who, in their bright blankets and eagle plumes, strode to and fro in front of the edge of the forest, often vanishing back into its shadows, then coming out again.

A little later, and, with a bugle sounding at their head and a white flag borne by one of the number, a band of gaily-dressed officers gallop from the Continental camp upon their dashing chargers toward the forest. And then, advancing to meet them, on foot, but slowly, and with haughty steps, a band of the red men come forth from their covert of green. They bear an answering flag of truce.

The parties meet and halt.

"What do the pale-faces want?" asked the leader of the body of red men.

"I wish to see Thayendanegea!" said General Herkimer himself.

"Wait till he comes," was the reply given by that subordinate chief, for such he only was, in a tone as haughty as if he were talking only to a slave. And then he uttered a yell more loud and shrill than any clarion blast that ever rent the air.

An answering cry was heard from the leafy shades beyond, and soon, more plainly clad, but better armed than any warrior of that little band, a single Indian came forth from the forest, and strode with a stately step toward them. His eagle eye, his tall form, his proud step, but too plainly told that it was Thayendanegea who came. As he advanced, his warriors drew up in a half circle, and, upon the other side, the whites did the same, having dismounted from their horses.

Thayendanegea stepped within the circle so formed; and, as General Herkimer stepped forward, the chieftian stood with folded arms across his breast, not deigning to see the extending hand which the general meant to offer him, and said:

"Why have you come here so near to my camp?"

"Upon a friendly visit!" was the general's reply; "we are old neighbors and friends, and must not war together!"

"Have all those pale-faces come upon a friendly visit, too?" asked the chief. "All want to see us poor Indians? It is very kind!"

And the curl of his proud lip, and the flash of his dark eye, told what he felt and meant; while, as he spoke, he pointed to the distant tents, and the men gathered there in crowds to look at the interview.

"I would like to visit you in your camp!" said the general, wishing still to preserve a friendly bearing with the haughty chief.

"My camp is too small for so big a chief as you. You are near enough!" was the reply.

"Why do your people make war upon our people in the Valley of the Mohawk?" now asked the old general, coming at once to the object of his visit.

"Because you war upon King George, who is our friend. His belts we wear—we are his men!" was the calm reply.

"But you are wrong. Our forces are strong, like the trees of the forest; in number, like the leaves upon the trees. We can sweep away all our foes, as the fire burns the dry grass in the fall!"

Thayendanegea laughed scornfully, and uttered a shrill yell. In a moment, more than five hundred painted and armed warriors burst from the forest with deafening whoops, discharged their guns; then, at a wave of Thayendanegea's hand, fell back in silence out of view.

"Count these an hundred times, and yet more warriors can I bring into the field!" cried Thayendanegea, haughtily. "Go back, and tell those so who sent you here! You are in my power; but we have been neighbors and friends, and I will do you no harm!"

The chief said, nor would he hear any more, but strode back as he came, full as proudly as a king with millions at his back.

And the pale-faces dared not follow him, for the advantages upon his side were far too great for them to risk a battle.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A lofty hill, rock-ribbed but tree-crowned, is that which overlooks from its southern bank the Mohawk at its Little Falls. And from this lofty height the eye can stretch far away along the thread of silvery water from east to west, and gaze with pleasure down upon the rushing, foaming, flashing torrents that dashes by below.

Upon this height, some time after Thayendanegea had met the fearless Herkimer at Unadilla, stood two women. One, whose hairs beginning to speck with threads of gray, proves that age is coming fast upon her, or that care is doing the work of time, is our old friend Dyagetto, the mother of the Eagle of the Mohawks. Still stern and commanding, till beautiful, still every inch a forest queen, but yet looking far more sadly than when we saw her last—for then she was all radiant with joy in the recovery of a long-lost husband—in the triumph of her noble boy.

But who is this by her side? An Indian maiden; yet for such, how peerlessly beautiful! Tall, of exquisite form, so well revealed by her forest garb, with eyes large, black as starless night, yet so piercing that they seem at times to look you through, and then again to melt into your very soul with their liquid light—features which can express the haughty pride of a chainless will, or yet the tender thoughts of a heart which can love in spite of the pride which bids it own no master.

The picture is drawn; but *who*—who is she that thus breaks, in majestic beauty, in upon the wild panorama of our story? Let the sequel tell.

They stand upon the very verge of the cliff which overtops the stream below, looking with straining eyes up the river, as if from thence a visitor was expected.

Back from them, in a lovely grove of cedar, is a single wigwam, and the small fire before

It shows that it is their camp. And but a little way to the left is a mound of newly-heaped-up ground. Can it be that "dust returned to dust" is reposing there, and that death has laid another of his countless victims there?

"Your eyes, so young and bright, Iona, must surely see a speck far up the river!" said Dyagetto to the maiden at her side. "His runner said that he would be here when the sun was so high that it cast no shadow from an upright tree, and Thayendanegea never spoke false words!"

"I see nothing but a duck upon the river's breast!" said the maiden. "And it is not yet his time; for, see, our shadows fall yet toward the west!"

"Iona does not love, else she would not be so patient. Time is a snail, it only crawls!"

"How can I love him, whom my eyes have not looked upon?" said the maiden, calmly.

"His name—his fame—he is chief of all the Nations of the North—he is my son!" said Dyagetto, impetuously.

"He may rule all the warriors of the North, and yet not hold control of *one* proud heart!" said the maiden, with a flashing eye, while she pressed her hand over her heart, to indicate her meaning. Then she added, more calmly: "When I look upon him, if he is what I have seen in my dreams, I shall love him, and if I love him, he must love me, and I will win him or I will die!"

"Surely now I see something far up the river!" said Dyagetto.

"Yes!" said Iona; "it is the flash of a paddle, dipping up water in the sun-rays!"

After a short pause, she said:

"It is a canoe, and there are *two* in it; and one is a warrior, the other is a woman. He said he would come *alone*!"

And already, though she said she loved not, the maiden's eyes flashed, and a fierce look told that she fancied a rival ere she had found a love. In some hearts jealousy is natural, intuitive, and in such hearts to *love* is to be forever miserable!

Swiftly down the rapid stream, more swiftly as they drew nearer to the falls, came the canoe, and both the women watched its motions without a word, for though Dyagetto's face expressed surprise, not unmixed with anger when the keen eyes of Iona saw, and her lips announced, that there was a woman in the canoe with the warrior, she spoke not the thoughts which gathered in her brain.

The canoe, coming down the centre of the stream to take advantage of the current, shot along almost to the falls; then Thayendanegea, with a powerful arm, turned its prow toward the shore, and in a moment more was there.

"A pale-faced woman, perhaps a prisoner!" muttered Dyagetto.

"If Thayendanegea is so gentle to a prisoner, what would he be to a wife?" said Iona, as she saw him carefully lift the pale-faced maiden up the rocky bank. The sarcasm in the tone of Iona was not lost on Dyagetto, who replied:

"Thayendanegea brings no pale-faced wife to my wigwam. One of my children has been linked with a pale-face; the other *never* shall!"

Carefully up the rocky height the War-Eagle helped the maiden whom he brought, now clinging to a bush, then passing at a bound some deep ravine, cut in the hill-side by a rain-torrent, lifting her with a single arm, while he held his trusty rifle in the other hand. And soon he reached the hill-crest, and stood before his mother, who, in the pale-faced girl, though she was wan and wasted, as if by care or privation, she at once recognised Kathleen Johnson.

Cold was her look, and colder still her words, when she bade her son welcome, and she looked with a fierce and bitter eye upon poor Kathleen, as she led the way to the wigwam.

"He is my dream!" muttered Iona, as she gazed upon the tall and kingly form of Thayendanegea; then her eye flashed wildly, as she looked upon Kathleen and muttered—"What does she here?—a snake in my path!"

"Where is my father?" asked the War-Eagle, as he stood before the wigwam, and saw him not within.

"There!" and Dyagetto pointed to the new-made mound.

"It is well! He has made a long journey, and is at rest!" said the son, calmly, as he

looked at the grave of his father. Then, turning to his mother, he said: "We are hungry—get us food!"

"Why is that pale-face here?" asked Dyagetto, without heeding his demand.

"Because I, Thayendanegea, chose to bring her! I am not used to *answer* questions, but to *ask* them!" he replied, haughtily; then, he added: "You are my mother—I will say no more!"

"Is she your wife?" asked Dyagetto.

"No—here is my wife!" thundered the War-Eagle, touching his rifle. "Will you get us food, or shall I seek it elsewhere?"

"I will get it!" said Dyagetto, now in a moment as calm in comparison as she before had been angry.

Thayendanegea said no more to her, but, pointing to a couch of skins, said to poor Kathleen, who, pale and tearful, had stood terrified before the wigwam:

"You are tired—go rest!"

Then, without so much as casting a glance at Iona, who, still as a statue, had been watching this scene, he seated himself upon the ground, and, with his rifle across his lap, waited for the coming repast.

The Indian girl still stood and looked upon him, as if her eyes were riveted there by some magic spell. Her bosom rose and fell, but her breath seemed almost to sleep below her lips; at last, however, a heavy sigh came from her bosom—she turned away, and, with noiseless steps, passed out of sight, among the shadowy cedars.

The food—savory fish from the stream below, meat and bread from pounded corn—was soon ready, and placed before Kathleen and Thayendanegea, and Dyagetto watched by them in silence while they ate.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

After Thayendanegea and Kathleen had finished, Dyagetto arose from her sitting posture near them, and then, for the first time, seemed to notice the absence of Iona.

"Where is Iona?" she asked, as if she thought that Thayendanegea knew her.

"Iona! I know her not!" said the chief.

"Was she not the lovely Indian maiden whom I saw when we came here?" asked Kathleen, timidly, of Dyagetto.

"Yes. I will go seek her," said Dyagetto, speaking more kindly, perhaps, for the unconscious compliment paid to her favorite by the poor girl.

The woman departed, taking the path which Iona had chosen. She soon returned with the Indian maiden, whose eyes indicated by their looks that she, proud as she was, had been weeping.

"This is Iona, the daughter of a chief of the Senecas, who fell in battle by the side of the brave Hendrick!" said Dyagetto, as she proudly led her *protégée* forward. "And," she added, "I have taken her as my daughter, for I have lost Onalova, who chose a pale-face, and took herself out from her mother's heart!"

And Dyagetto, as she uttered these words, so full of meaning, looked at Thayendanegea, to see the effect of them.

But his eyes were fixed upon Iona, who stood with eyes downcast before him.

"She is too big for a woman—she should have been a warrior, like her father!" said Thayendanegea.

"If I am a woman, I have a warrior's heart in my bosom!" said Iona, and now her raised eyes flashed back a light as proud as that of his own.

"Good! You shall be my sister, like this poor lily of the pale-faces, whom I found far from the wigwams of her friends, and have taken to be my sister!" said Thayendanegea, and he took Kathleen by the hand and led her forward. "Be sisters," he added, "and I will see that neither of you go hungry or meet with harm!"

Iona drew up haughtily, and would have refused the ready hand of Kathleen, had she not caught the warning look of the crafty Dyagetto, which told her not to do so, and she took it, and said:

"What the great War-Eagle of the Mohawks speaks must be good. I will be his sister, and, for his sake, will try to love the lily of the pale-faces!"

"I am far from all other sisters, and will love you very dearly!" said Kathleen, as she

took the hand of Iona; but she almost shuddered at its icy coldness.

Dyagetto, who seemed to wish to avoid a formal recognition of Kathleen as a daughter in the Indian form, now found sudden occasion to busy herself elsewhere.

Thayendanegea, now leaving the two maidens together, went to converse with his mother.

"The War-Eagle is a great brave!" said Iona, looking Kathleen keenly in the face, for she meant then and there to search the maiden's heart.

"Yes," said Kathleen, with a sigh.

"Has my sister known him long?" continued Iona.

"Oh, yes, *very* long—for years!" said Kathleen, earnestly. "He lived in my father's house, and once he saved my life!"

"Then my sister *loves* the War-Eagle?"

"Why should I not? He is good, he is brave, and I owe him a life!" continued Kathleen, artlessly.

"And does the War-Eagle love the lily of the pale-faces in return?" continued the artful cross-questioner, now preserving a calmness almost unnatural to one of her passionate nature.

"Alas! no—he has no love but for war!" sighed poor Kathleen.

"Why, then, did my sister leave the wigwam of her friends to seek the War-Eagle?"

"I could not *live* away from him!" said Kathleen, while a tear stole down her pale cheek. "I came weary miles to seek him, and now he leaves me again to go to the battle-field!"

"Then my sister will stay here with us until he returns?"

"Yes—he so wills it! I prayed him to let me live near him in the camp, but he would not let me. I am to stay here!" sighed Kathleen.

"My heart is glad to hear your words. You shall be taken *good* care of!" said Iona.

Had Kathleen's eyes been keenly looking in those of Iona then, she would have shuddered at their expression. But she was looking toward the spot where Thayendanegea was talking with his mother, and only replied:

"I will be of no trouble to you, and will try to make you and his mother love me very much!"

The return of Thayendanegea with his mother put an end to this conversation.

Taking up his rifle, the chief said:

"I must now go back to my men for a battle is at hand. No one will harm you here, and you will not be hungry, for you have stores, and my hunters are near. The signal of my mother will call help when it is needed."

Without another word of farewell, he moved away and descended the hill. Tears rolled down the cheeks of Kathleen, as she watched him spring into his canoe and go up the river; but Iona, who stood calmly by her side, only said:

"He is a great brave—he is my dream! We meet soon again!"

What a difference of character, what a difference in the expression of the feelings of each; yet both felt the same passion—that passion, which, with its opposite, Hate, rules the world.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Another picture. It is a murky morning in August. The air is close, and the leaves lay wilting on branch and stem. Who do we see gathering in almost utter silence in the dark forest, which borders, with its semi-circular hedge, a road passing through a deep ravine—a road causewayed over a swamp—a road narrow, and darkened by the shadows of the forest on either hand? Stealing on in silence, one by one, the red men come, those who know no leadership but him with the eagle plume, the tall, stern chief who points to every man his station, but utters not a word—the dreaded War-Eagle of the Mohawks.

He has come from the siege of Fort Schuyler, to intercept his old friend and neighbor, the gallant Herkimer, who, with the brave boys of Tryon county, is hastening to the relief of Colonel Gansevoort, in the fort, who is surrounded by the tory "Greens" of Sir John Johnson, the mercenaries of Barry St. Leger, and hosts of the savage allies of *merciful* King George!

Behind each ragged tree-trunk they stand; they crouch beneath every bush; they lay behind every rock; yet all is done without a word, all still as soon will be those who are

about to sleep in death. The War-Eagle moves from man to man, sees that all is right, then takes his place from whence the warning cry must come.

The ambushade is formed!

And now we change the scene. Behold with me, one thousand men, not trained soldiery, used to the arts of war, but who have snatched their guns from the corners of their homes, left the sickle in the field, and the sheaf unbound, to rush to the aid of their beleagued and distressed countrymen, officered by men of their own choosing, mostly young, rash, and impetuous, as they are brave.

But a gray-haired veteran sits upon his horse in the centre of a group of officers at the head of this gallant but undisciplined little force. It is *Herkimer*, brave as a lion, but cool and prudent, wishing to lead his men to a glorious victory, but not willing to risk an inglorious defeat.

The officers around are urging him to move on; but he, cool and wary, wished to wait for reinforcements which were gathering, for he knew that a large disciplined force was in his front; besides, he knew not how many of the dreaded followers of *Thayendanegea*.

But rash men would not listen to cool counsels.

"Sir! none but a coward and a tory would delay when our friends are in danger before us," said Colonel Cox.

"Yes; if you do not give the order for us to move on, we will go at any rate," said Colonel Paris.

"Gentlemen, you are young, and I forgive your language. I am no coward, but, mark me, nor you,* nor I, nor half of the brave lads

* Cox was killed at the first fire of the enemy; Paris taken prisoner and tortured to death by the enemy; General Herkimer mortally wounded.

with us, will ever live even to regret this rashness! I accede to your wishes, not my judgment—*MARCH ON!*"

And forward, in such order as a raw militia generally assumes, they moved on, led by the brave old general, his cheek burning and his blood boiling, at the base and false imputation of his cowardice.

Again we change the scene. We look along that narrow road by which General Herkimer intends to pass. We only see a drunken (?) Dutchman staggering along, who sings as he goes, in a tone loud enough to be heard for two or three hundred yards, no more, these words:

"Sit a smoke-pipe in mine hand,
Und a pottle py mine side,
I cares not if one thousand mens
Should close behind me ride.

"I dinks I'd give 'em all de slip
Pecuse dey're half asleep
Und scattered here und dare
Yust like a flock of sheep."

Good, Hon Yost, for an impromptu—didn't know you could make poetry before—but your work is done—*Thayendanegea* has heard your words, the warning is given, he knows the number of the men behind, and the order in which they come. Stagger quickly on, good spy, and get out of harm's way, for death wants space here.

While Hon Yost passed up that road, an observer ever so sharp-eyed might have looked into the close greenwood on either hand, and he would not have seen a leaf or bush move, or heard a stick crack, or thought for an instant that, like tigers crouching for their prey, five hundred warriors lay within an hundred feet of him.

One moment forward and then back, to witness what will chill the heart to think of. Hon Yost hurried on about a quarter of a mile, and then was brought to a sudden halt by an officer, sitting on his horse at the head of a large body of men in green uniforms—evidently disciplined and well-armed men.

"Well, Hon Yost, your report, and quickly!" cried the officer, with impatience.

"One thousand mens, mit Yeneral Herkimer at deir heat, some mit rifle-guns, some mit musket-guns, und some mit shot-guns, for kill chip birds mit—no cannon-guns at all!" said the spy.

"Very well," said the officer, as he tossed him a piece of gold. "How far are they off?"

"Apout one mile now, I dinks, Yeneral Sir Yon, und dey comes scattered all apout like de gals ven de poys plays plind-fold in der

Chris'mas times!"

"Then get out of harm's way—we can't afford to lose you!"

"Cot in himmel, no more can I afford to 'see myself," said the spy, as he passed to the rear, while General Johnson drew his "Greens" up in order for action.

Reader, hover with me over a battle-field, the battle-field of ORISKANY.

The air is close, yet clear, though rising clouds in the far east betokened a storm to be near. We look down, and all is still in the forest; but we hear the clatter of horses' feet, the tramp of armed men, the hurried word of command. Ah, see, they come, under the flag of the United Colonies—old men, and middle aged, and young—some in uniform, and some in none, but a soldier, every one ready to battle, and, if need be, to die for their country's cause. On, with the veteran Herkimer in command—on—they march. Now they are in the ravine, along carelessly over the treacherous swamp and causeway—on, until they are within the crescent of that thick forest—on, until the head of the line is almost in sight of the spot where Johnson and his tories are waiting to aid in the work of death.

Hark! A yell—loud, long, more fearful than that of the hungered panther on a track. None but the great War-Eagle of the Mohawks could give that signal cry. The patriots halt, would form, but it is all too late. From behind every tree, and rock, and bush, comes the leaden messengers of death. Yells as of fiends are heard on every hand. Cox, with all his bravado, is down. Davis, Van Slyck, and fifty more bite the dust.

Where now is the coward Herkimer? At the head of his men his voice is heard, cheering and trying to rally all who falter. He marks a better ground in the forest, charges for and gains it with scarce one-third his men. But now, alas! he falls—not slain, but his death-wound is given.

"Place my back against yonder tree!" cries the hero. "Now fight—fight for God and for Freedom!"

And there, as calm as if the life-blood was not flowing from his wound, he sits and gives his orders. Johnson's horde of tories came sweeping down with the red men; but Herkimer's voice is heard as loud almost as the resounding yell of *Thayendanegea*—"Fight, men—fight for life or death; ask no quarter from the fiends!"

But hark! Heaven's artillery opens as if it would bid mortals cease their puny strife and witness its dread power. The clouds that have darkened fast above, open and shoot out their red lightnings, and then send down such floods of rain that for a time the battle must cease—the blinding shower hides foe from foe.

Where is the coward Herkimer, now? He lights his pipe as he sits under the sheltering boughs of the huge pine, and gives such orders as are best calculated to save his men and punish the enemy when the shower is over. He orders them to form in circles, places two men to a tree and then quietly waits for the storm to break, for he knows nearly how strong the foe are, and the struggle will be fearful. Where are they who called him coward now? Some dead—some prisoners; but more, like base *Colonel Vischer*, the Arnold of the day, fled to let the brave win or lose the victory.

The storm of heaven breaks; but the storm of mortal strife is renewed, and now it is far more deadly. Closing up hand to hand, man meets man. Bayonets are crossed—swords clash against swords—the tomahawk and knife are at work!

See yon tall Indian in the foremost of the strife; no plumes are on his bloody brow—they have been stricken off—but by his tiger bounds, his fearful blows, his wild, rallying cry, all may know that it is *Thayendanegea*! By his side, even in the thickest of the fray, bounds a young Indian, who thrice this day has saved his life!

Oh! how terrible—it is useless to describe all we see. Old neighbors meet; patriot and tory clutch each other by the throats, plunge the cold steel into each other's hearts, and go linked in hate to death.

But, ah! a sound from the west—a firing from the fort. Cheer up, brave patriots, help is coming, perchance; at least, your present foes have other work to do.

The famed "Greens" falter, and fall back. "Onward!" is the cry heard now from Indian

lips—it is the word of retreat.

Herkimer smiles grimly. He says

"Boys, the day is ours; I am ready to die!"

The day, indeed, was theirs; but, ah, such a day! Weeping and wailing for that day ran fast and loud along the Mohawk Valley! One half the patriot army had left their homes to return no more!

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"You are young, but a great brave! I owe a life to you—three, if I had so many!" said *Thayendanegea*, as he stood before his wigwam at the Indian quarters near Fort Schuyler, on the night after his retreat from the fearful fight at Oriskany, in which his Mohawks and Senecas had suffered so fearfully.

He spoke to a warrior who certainly did not seem over eighteen, if so much; yet he was of powerful build, so far as could be judged—though his caped hunting-shirt, fastened to the neck, did not expose what seemed to be a full and brawny chest so much as the open and careless garb, or no garb, of other warriors; and his wide leggings, extending to his ankles, concealed limbs, which should have been muscular. But, whatever his build, in that day's fight he had shown himself inferior in skill and valor to none but the great War-Eagle himself, and thrice, at the risk of his own, had saved the chieftain's life.

He wore his war-paint so thickly, and a heavy turban so shaded his brow, that of his looks we can say but little, except that his face seemed boyish; but his eye—it spoke a heart wilder, fiercer than that in the tameless eagle, or the merciless tiger of the north.

"Are you a Mohawk?" continued the great chief.

"I wish I were, that the great War-Eagle could call me brother; that I could fight forever by his side, sleep only at his fire, hunt only for him, and be his guard at all times, by night and by day; but I am a *Seneca* by birth!" said the young Indian, modestly, but not without enthusiasm.

"You shall have your wish! Before all the nations I adopt you as my brother!" said *Thayendanegea*.

"And by the Great Spirit, you will not drive me from your side?"

"By the Great Spirit, I will not!" said *Thayendanegea*, pleased with the earnest enthusiasm of his newly-adopted brother.

"Then I am content—in life—in death—I will be as I was to-day!" said the young Indian, and his form seemed to grow more tall, and his eye more bright, and his breast to expand with happiness as he spoke.

What wonder? No higher honor could be given to a warrior in the Six Nations than he had received—he was to be thenceforth the brother and life-guard of the great head of the confederacy.

"Where is *Thayendanegea*?" asked a sharp, imperative voice near them at that moment.

"I am here. What does *Walter Butler* want of me?" asked the chief, haughtily, and emphasising the name which he uttered, as if he did not like the man, or rather the officer, who asked for him.

"General St. Leger has ordered me upon a secret mission of great importance—I am to take fifteen men and you the same. Hon Yost, whom you know, is to be our guide!"

"Where is the order? I and my men are tired!" said *Thayendanegea*.

"Is not my word sufficient?" asked *Butler*, impatiently.

"I will take the word of no pale-face, be he friend or foe. Let the general send his order!" said *Thayendanegea*.

Butler turned away, and went for the order, for he dared not trifle with the man who had but to speak to have his scalp stripped from his head.

Not even did St. Leger dare to thwart the proud Mohawk in his ways.

Butler soon returned, and he bore a polite note from General St. Leger, in which the latter requested *Thayendanegea*, the great chief of the Six Nations, to accompany Lieutenant *Walter Butler* upon an expedition of great importance to the cause.

Thayendanegea read the note, and, turning to the bearer, said:

"I will go! Bring your men and guide here—mine will be ready!"

Butler bit his lip, and a frown was on his brow; for, aristocratic and tyrannical himself,

could not bear a master, but he turned and went for his men.

The first of the party who made his appearance was Hon Yost, evidently having a good load of the "ardent" on board, and carrying a bottle of the same in his hand.

"Goot nicht, great Mister Var-Eagle. Vil you have a trink mit me? Ve are goin' on a liddle walk for de olt general?"

"Yes! I will take it all!" said Thayendanegea, as he took the extended bottle and dashed it against a rock near by.

Hon Yost for a moment stood aghast. He looked first at the fragments of the bottle, and then at the chief, paused a moment, and then, handing him his pipe, said:

"Yust preak mine shmoke-pipe, too, if you please, Mister Var-Eagle!"

"Your head, too, if you want it done!" said the chief, as he dashed the pipe alongside of the bottle.

"No, no—Mister Var-Eagle, you have preak mine heart ven you preaks mine prandy bottle und mine shmoke-pipe—I vil keep mine head for anodder time!"

Thayendanegea now gave a low call, and a subordinate chief appeared, whom he directed to pick out fifteen men, true and trusty, for the expedition.

"Am I to go as *one*?" asked the newly-adopted brother.

"We are but *one*, and I name you *Niscayuna*!" said Thayendanegea, and, as he armed himself for the expedition, he threw over Niscayuna's shoulder a belt of the royal wampum, such only as was worn by himself, and handed him a tomahawk precisely like his own.

He examined Niscayuna's rifle, and said:

"This is not sure—there is a better!" and handed him one like his own, with its accoutrements.

Butler now made his appearance with his men, and, as Hon Yost was quite sobered with his loss, the party started.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

About two miles above Fort Dayton, stood one of those old-fashioned Dutch houses—of which few specimens are now to be seen in the Mohawk Valley—large gabled structures, as full of windows as an ancient village maiden is of *gab*—no offence venerable virgins, but I must have a comparison, even if it is at your expense—and, at the time of which I write, it was pretty well filled with a party of *tories*, or of those who, seduced by the specious proclamations of General St. Leger, and the fear that their property would be destroyed by the advancing foe, were being inclined to take the side of King George.

They were a higgledy set, Scotch, Dutch, but—to their credit be it said—in that day there were very few Irish disinclined to our patriot cause. The proprietor of this mansion was a regular-built, full-rigged, old tory Hessian, by birth and nature. His name was Diedrich Schoonmaker, yet so careful had he been to conceal his sentiments, that the Tryon County Committee had not shipped him off, or looked to his actions sufficiently to detect him in his evil deeds. His house, being back from the main road and in an out-of-the-way situation, suited the *tories* excellently for a rendezvous, and as such it had been used since the commencement of the war.

It was full midnight, and the great kitchen and dinner-room—both being *one* in such houses—was pretty nearly crammed with men of the class which I have named. Diedrich Schoonmaker was in his glory, for he presided over a puncheon of rum in one corner, from which he measured half-pints as fast as they were called for, and that was about as fast as they could be drawn by him.

"The health of King George," was the only toast allowed to be drunk, and "success to his cause" was the general addition after the drinker had recovered his breath.

Though most of those present seemed very well contented with their cheer and their company, some there were who exhibited great impatience, and cursed more than a little—somewhat as the army is said to have done in Flanders—because some person or persons expected did not make his or their appearance.

It was, perhaps, an half hour after midnight, when a person hastily entered from without, and immediately one of the loudest of the grumblers cried out:

"Gentlemen, come to order and make room,

for the deputation from the camp of General St. Leger has just arrived, and will enter the room in one moment!"

"Yes! and yust make room from pefore mine rum parrel, for dey'll pe sure to be dry," cried the hospitable and most loyal Diedrich.

A moment later, and Thayendanegea, who allowed no man to precede him, either in war or peace, strode into the room, followed by fourteen of his fierce-looking warriors, Niscayuna being close by his side. Walter Butler, headed by Hon Yost, and followed by fourteen of his men, came next.

There was no need to say make room. When the people glanced at the great War-Eagle and his followers, they fell back like sheep before a pack of wolves, and he moved to the upper end of the room, near where Diedrich Schoonmaker was, through a broad avenue.

"Creat Mr. Injun, vil you und ycur mena have a trink?" cried Diedrich, wishing at once to make favor with that party, and he advanced with a gallon measure of rum in his hand.

"Curse your fire-water—Mohawks are not beasts!" said Thayendanegea, indignantly, as he struck the measure from the astonished Diedrich's hand, and spilled its contents upon the floor, which needed washing with some kind of liquid.

"Mein Cot in himmels, vat a vaste!" groaned Hon Yost, who was, as if by scent, finding his way to the rum-puncheon with all haste.

"It is late, and this meeting will at once come to order, to hear the proclamation which I have the honor to offer in the name of General Barry St. Leger," said Lieutenant Butler, mounting a very appropriate stand for a spirited address, it being the head of Diedrich's rum barrel. "But before I read the proclamation, copies of which I have for general distribution, I will say," continued the lieutenant, "that, in the troops of both classes which I have brought here, not as a guard, but as a specimen, you see only a few out of thousands just like them who must—"

"Surrender to the arms of the Continental Congress!" shouted an officer, at the door, who was dressed in the uniform of the American army. "You are surrounded—resistance is useless—he dies who tries to escape!"

With a wild bound, and Niscayuna by his side, Thayendanegea sprang through the passage by which he had entered. His warriors would have followed, but the terrified crowd closed in, and cut them off from their leader. All was terror, shouts, confusion!

One breath, not a second, and the War-Eagle, brandishing his tomahawk in his hand and uttering his terrible yell, which was known but too well, was at the door—out of it, upon the soldiers who were placed before it. Two fell before his blows, another dropped beneath Niscayuna's hand, and they were clear; for the line was broken, and they were speeding off like deer in the gloom beyond pursuit. A few scattering shots were fired after them, but they were far wide of their mark. Soon the forest was gained, and then Thayendanegea paused, and said:

"My brave brother, we are safe!"

"The Great Spirit protects the brave and the good!" said Niscayuna, as he pressed the hand of the War-Eagle.

They were safe; but where were their late companions? Let us go back and see.

Scarcely had Thayendanegea and Niscayuna escaped from the room, when, from every avenue, Continental soldiers entered with fixed bayonets; at every window glittering steel was seen. Those within saw but too plainly how mad and useless it would be to resist. Even the Indians were panic-stricken, and stood quiet and waited for the result.

"Surrender, sir!" said an officer, approaching Walter Butler.

"To whom?" said Butler, turning pale, for he knew the doom generally awarded to a spy, or an enemy who sought to incite a people to rebellion.

"Colonel Weston, of the Continental army!" cried the officer, reaching his hand for Butler's sword, which was delivered.

"Cot in himmels, I surrender, too!" said Hon Yost, as he bent down before Diedrich's rum puncheon, and surrendered himself to full a pint of its contents.

The soldiers and Indians were all speedily disarmed; such of the persons present as were known *tories* were secured, while the rest were dismissed, with the information that General Arnold, with a powerful force, was at Fort

Dayton, and would not only sweep the enemy from the land, but severely punish all who were recreant to the cause. And as the young hero, then, of St. Johns, Montreal, the passage of the Kennebec and Chandierre, was in the zenith of his fame, and known to be as severe as he was brave, the check of Butler paled; for he knew that of all others, he would be one who, from his position, past and present, it would be desirable to make an example of.

The prisoners, properly secured, were soon marched off to Fort Dayton; and, as might have been supposed from what Arnold was then, an immediate court-martial was ordered.

Its result must be the subject of another chapter, while we turn off for a brief space to a scene, which it were a mortal sin in me to fail to describe.

CHAPTER LX.

After the fatal victory of Oriskany, General Herkimer was conveyed upon a litter to his residence, which still stands upon the lovely banks of the Mohawk, about two or three miles below the now beautiful and thriving village of Little Falls, modernized in some parts, yet in the room where he died, and in another favorite room of his, left unchanged.

He bore without a groan the exquisite pain consequent upon his removal with a limb so dreadfully shattered; his only thoughts of agony being for the loss of so many brave friends and neighbors, among whom were the Bellingers, Seebers, Saumons, Davis, Helmers, Petries, Deggerts, Snells, and many others.

Upon his arrival at home, had his old medical adviser Doctor Patrie been left to his own judgment, there is no doubt in the minds of all cognisant of the case, that the old hero's life might have been saved for years, at least. But a young French surgeon in General Arnold's army—pity it is that we have not his name to hand down to the realms of "blasted memory," insisted that amputation was necessary. The old general bore the operation as he had all other pain, without a murmur; but the operator—most accounts say that he was intoxicated—did his work unskillfully; the arteries were not properly taken up, and from that hour the hero knew he had to face again that grim master who exacts obedience from all.

It is not hard—scarcely does it require any heroism to die upon the battle-field—one scarcely feels the pain of a wound there, amid its wild excitement, and the spirit leaps from its shattered tenement almost exultingly, seeming to think that it has plenty of company in its way to the other world. But it does require *bravery* to calmly face the hour when one must leave all that he loves, and all that he *knows* of, to step into that world which can only be seen dimly by the eye of faith, and from whence no traveler has ever returned to give us a chart to steer by—to die so, in a quiet, only disturbed by the sobs of weeping friends, and to bid them be still and see how a man *can* die, does require true courage.

When death was very near, the heroic Herkimer, who had calmly arranged his affairs, bade his friends bring him the Bible. He was done with the sword. He was familiar with the only two weapons necessary to sustain American freedom. Reading aloud, the *thirty-eighth Psalm*, so that all about his bed might hear it, he continued until the rapid loss of blood so weakened his voice that it died away into a whisper.

Oh, look with me at that bed-side—he is still, for Death stands at the door. Look upon those gray hairs clustering around that pale, but massive brow—look at that eye which lately shone so bright in the lurid glare and sulphurous smoke of the battle-field—see those lips slowly growing cold and blue, from whence came the words: "March on, I will face the foe"—those lips last blessed with the words of sacred inspiration—look at the front of dissolution slowly whitening over those manly features—those white hands so lately sword-clutching, now crossed in peace upon his broad breast—look—but stop, he breathes not—he is *gone*! The unseen spirit has passed invisibly from our eyes, fled away from the power of Death, who now coldly sits upon what was only mortal of his victim!

More than seventy, or nearly seventy, years ago—I am not to a year or two certain of the date—Congress passed a resolution requesting the governor and council of New York to erect a monument, at the expense of the United States, to cost five hundred dollars, to

the memory of General Nicholas Herkimer.

Has it been done? Go, pilgrim, to the shrine of departed heroism, and see the plain slab above his grave—a grave now in the hands of the stranger! Go, you, whose duty it was long since to have fulfilled the will of Congress, which can be done at any time when politicians at Albany have time to turn their minds from corruption to right, and from oppression to justice, and weep tears of shame above the neglected grave!

CITIZENS OF HERKIMER COUNTY, to you, I call! Shame these recreants, and erect the monument yourselves! Raise it not above his grave, but place it on the brow of the loftiest hill which overlooks the silvery Mohawk, which he so loved, and tell the world, *this* have we of Herkimer done, in honor of our

GREATEST AND BEST CITIZEN—
A CHRISTIAN AND A HERO!

CHAPTER XL

The court-martial was over. Walter Butler, Hon Yost Schuyler, and others, were found guilty as spies and sentenced to death! Butler found friends. Even then as now, aristocratic associations, money and family had influence, and, at the intercession of so many persons as these attributes could bring to bear, Arnold was persuaded to *reprieve* Butler and send him to Albany, from whence he soon made his escape to become the most diabolical scourge the Mohawk county ever knew. Even then Arnold seemed to begin to feel a sympathy for villainy!

But poor Hon Yost had no friends—no money—but little sense—it would do to have him dangle in the air, and to say a *spy* had been hung! Oh, yes! as even now, so justice was then. A starving beggar steals a loaf of bread, off—to prison with him! A bank president or the treasurer of a Philadelphia Sunday School Union, may rob the people of a hundred thousand dollars or half a million, and it is only a moral delusion—a slight turpitude, excuse the fault, sprinkle a little perfume upon their garments, and *sweet* Society draw them back to thy *spotless* bosom! A poor lost girl may be found wandering in the streets, to jail with her, while her wealthy seducer seeks another victim!

Hon Yost was condemned to die. The gallows was erected. The rope was ready. The hour was named. Troops were ordered out to guard the proceedings.

I said that he had no friends. Ah, while she lives there is one friend who never will desert us; in peril, in crime, in tribulation a mother will cling to her son!

Arnold, having given all the necessary orders for the execution of the unapphy Dutchman, had gone into the house, with some officers, to wash down any qualms which he might have had with a few glasses of wine.

The glass was at his lips when an aged woman, wild and gipsy-like in look and dress, rushed into the room and knelt at his feet, crying for mercy, in the name of God, for poor Hon Yost. It was his mother who plead. Her furrowed face, brown and careworn—her streaming gray hairs, tears pouring out in floods, her sobs and moans should have touched a heart of stone.

But Arnold would not hear or heed her.

Another pleader came; a man with more heart and sense than the other, and he even offered to suffer in his stead, "for" said he, "Hon Yost is my brother, and he is more than half an idiot. He has lived with the Indians and the Johnson clan all his life, and they have influenced him. I am a man and know what I am about. Hang me in his stead, and spare him!"

Even to this appeal the then less than man and after traitor closed his ears.

But now another influence was brought to bear. Colonel Willett whispered a word in Arnold's ear.

The latter listened to the suggestions offered. He ordered every officer out of the room but Colonel Willett, bidding the mother and brother of Hon Yost to remain. He then gave orders to have Hon Yost brought before him.

The latter was led in, closely bound and guarded by a file of soldiers. They were ordered out, and then Arnold harshly addressed the poor, pale, trembling creature, who, however brave he might have been elsewhere, was now dreadfully terrified.

"Villain," said the great villain of the two, "I am about to have you hung; but

you may say good-bye to your mother and brother here!"

"Oh, mine cot, Mister General, ton't hang poor Hon Yost!" cried the unhappy fellow, dropping on his knees.

"What will you do for me if I intercede for your life?" asked Colonel Willett.

"Any ding—any dig vot is possible or impossible, Mister Kurnel Villett!" moaned the poor fellow.

"Will you go, after I have had your clothes fixed for it, and alarm the Indians and all the camp of St. Leger with the idea that General Arnold is close at hand, and will attack and cut them to pieces in a few hours with an immense army? Tell them you escaped while you were being led to execution?"

"Yes, Mister Kurnel Villett, I will do dat, und scare dem all same as one flock of sheep!"

"How can I trust you?"

Both the mother and brother instantly offered to become security for the faithful performance of the promise, and Hon Yost was solemnly assured that they would be hung if he failed, and he met the same fate if ever he was caught. He again renewed the promise, saw them bound as he had been, and then, after his clothes had been perforated in several places with bullets, and his hat also, as if he had been shot at while running, he was allowed to depart. The result of the plan will be the theme of the next chapter.

CHAPTER XLI

It is night—we are in the midst of the immense Indian encampment of the beleaguering force around Fort Schuyler. Why do we see these hundreds of Indians gathered in silence around this one wigwam, from which proceeds the monotonous tum, tum, of the Indian drum, and a low song to the Manitou, or Great Spirit? Dissatisfied with the result of the defeat at Oriskany, mourning over the loss of so many of their chiefs and braves, and angry, too, at the deceits put upon them by the British leaders, the Indians are holding a solemn pow-wow to ask the Manitou, through one of their prophets, if they shall not abandon the expedition, and return home.

And not alone are they discontented. Their pale-faced allies, especially the Canadians and Hessians, who, unlike the Tories, had no hate to influence them, but fought for *ten cents a day*—were sickened with the toils of a siege, so far only a losing game on their part. And even the leaders had passed high words. Sir John Johnson and Barry St. Leger, each probably jealous of the other, had fallen out. But to go back to the pow-wow.

Except the sound of the prophet's drum inside the sacred wigwam erected for the occasion, all was still in that vast assemblage. Each moment they expected to hear the Manitou, to whom their prophet was praying, speak through his lips.

But something comes to break the stillness. A man, with rent garments, pallid and terror-stricken face, sweating and gasping from fatigue, rushes in among them.

It is Hon Yost, whom they all know and hold in awe, for they deem him one whose brain has been touched by the finger of the Great Spirit. He fears not, heeds not the pow-wow—he tells them the fate he has escaped—that an army is close at hand, which will sweep them away as the gale bears off the dry leaves in autumn! They ask him, how many?—he points to the trees of the forest, and says, "More yet than they."

Hark! How the pow-wow prophet comes sweating and steaming from his lodge. His face, too, wears a look of mystery. Through him the Manitou is to speak.

"The Great Spirit is angry with us! We must go home and give feast to him in our own villages!"

The Manitou had spoken—no need for further words from Hon Yost there.

Generals St. Leger and Johnson soon observed the general stampede which the Indians are making, and hear the rumors which, through Hon Yost and the Indians, are flying through the English camp.

Hon Yost is sent for into their presence.

"What means this, you dog of a spy, this report that the American army is so close at hand?" cried St. Leger, livid with rage; for, almost sure of the surrender of the fort by morning, he was maddened at the thought of

a failure which would tear to pieces the laurel wreath, which he believed to be already entwined for his brow.

"Mine cot, general, it means de truth! Look at mine hat, mine clothes, all mit pullet holes in 'em! Mister Putler is hang up py de neck pefore now, and Hon Yost would have been hung, too, if I not preak loose from de tam Yankees, and run like der duyvel! General Arnold mit more as ten thousand mens is coming fast as he can, mit canuon-guns and odder guns; and I'm goin' to Canada just so soon as der coot cot und you, general, will let me!"

"Go, you lying wretch, go!" said St. Leger, "but if you breathe another word of this in camp, I will hang you higher than Haman was hung."

Hon Yost rushed out, and at the same instant an Oneida Indian was brought in by an officer, who verified the statement of Hon Yost, whom he had seen before he reached the camp.

"This means something, General St. Leger!" said Sir John.

"I care not what it means, General Johnson. I ask you to go and keep your Indians here—I never will abandon a post so nearly won! Not a man of my force shall stir. If Arnold comes, he shall find me inside of the fort to meet him!"

A tumult outside, so loud as nearly to drown his angry voice, was heard.

"They're coming! they're coming!" was the loudest cry of all.

"By Heavens, it must be true, and I'm off before I get my neck into a noose!" said Sir John; and away he went to prepare, not for a retreat, but a flight.

"General St. Leger, all of the men are flying, leaving arms and all behind them!" cried one of the general's aids, coming in at this instant.

"God of heaven! Then all is lost, and I am a ruined man! At least, try to retain an escort for me in my retreat," said St. Leger, as he snatched up his sword, and left the tent.

By this time, leaving guns, baggage, ammunition and all, the whole army of investment or siege was in full flight. Never was a siege raised by means more simple—nor, perhaps, ever done so rapidly. Hon Yost was the sole general and army of the occasion. He had fulfilled his pledge, and Willett's, not Arnold's, ruse had succeeded.

CHAPTER XLII

Upon that high cliff overhanging the Little Falls of the Mohawk, where last we saw her tearfully watching the departure of Thayendanegea, we will once more look upon our "Kathleen." She is altered, very much so, for she is still more thin, more pale, more sorrowful than when we last looked upon her. Yet her great blue eyes look larger and brighter in the white face, and her expression of settled sorrow gives her an almost holy look—I mean it not irreverently—a look of purity that is above the earthly.

There, with her fair hair floating off from her white neck, like ringlets of sunlight, she stands supporting herself by a small cedar trunk, against which she leans like some flower blown there by the wind, and her eyes are looking far, far up the river where last she saw him.

Dyagetto sits moodily upon a rock near her, her face expressing no care or love for the poor girl, and far less anxiety for the return of Thayendanegea.

"Good Dyagetto, do you not see something like a canoe far away up the river?"

"My eyes are the eyes of an owl—they are old and dim," replied Dyagetto. "Yours are the eyes of a young bird, and can see—look for yourself."

The sound of a footstep behind her—light, it is true, yet still loud enough for her ear, caused Kathleen to turn around, and, with a wild shriek of joy, she sprung forward, fainting, and would have fallen to the ground, had she not been caught in Thayendanegea's arms.

"Poor Lily of the Pale-faces, how you have wilted!" said the noble warrior, in a pitying tone, as he lifted her easily as if she had been a feather, and carried her up to a mossy bank beneath a spreading maple, and laid her gently down upon it.

When her eyes unclosed, she saw that Thayendanegea was sitting beside her, and a young warrior, richly dressed, standing leaning upon his rifle, near. And she closed her eyes again.

to see if she were in a dream or not, for she wished to hear his voice, if it was a reality.

"Niscayuna, this is my sister," said Thayendanegea, to the young Indian.

"Has my brother no other sisters?" asked Niscayuna.

"Yes, there was one; I only saw her once, and had forgotten her," said Thayendanegea, carelessly. Then he asked of his mother—"Where is Iona?"

"Gone! Perhaps to the land of spirits! You brought the pale-face here, and she would not stay," was the reply, given with no kind look to poor Kathleen.

"Let her go! She was a fool! The Lily of the Pale-faces was gentle as a dove, and would not tread upon a flower. Poor Lily, how wilted you are!" said Thayendanegea, gently, as he spoke the last words, and he took up one of her thin hands in his.

Why with a quivering frame, and a face expressive of every passion but *love*, did Niscayuna turn away and walk into the grove of cedar? Did he wish that he, too, had a sister to pity?

Kathleen this time heard the kind words of Thayendanegea; and, with a wild cry of gladness, she raised her arms, threw them around his brawny neck, and, bursting into tears, hid her face upon his bosom.

"The rain will do the flower good," he said, tenderly, and he did not offer to remove her from her resting-place.

With a look of the bitterest anger, Dyagetto regarded the scene for a moment, and then she said, in the Indian tongue, which she knew Kathleen did not understand:

"A snake is upon your breast! Cast it off!"

"It is a dove, and I will protect it!" replied Thayendanegea, in the same language.

"I will be the eagle to tear thy dove asunder," said the mother, bitterly.

"You may talk, you are my mother," said Thayendanegea, quietly.

Niscayuna now returned perfectly calm, and Kathleen, having wept away her first burst of feeling, modestly, and with blushes upon her soft cheek, withdrew her white arms from the War-Eagle's neck, and sat down on the moss by his side. But she no longer looked sorrowful. Her face was radiant with the beauty of joy.

"Niscayuna, how do you like my sister?—as you are my brother, she too is your sister"—asked Thayendanegea.

"I like the Lily of the Pale-faces," said Niscayuna. "She is more beautiful than the stars at night, or the flowers which follow the going off of the snow!"

Kathleen looked up at Niscayuna as he stood before her and said this, but a slight shudder passed through her frame, and she dropped her glance, for his eyes seemed to pierce her, and she felt an unknown fear of him—felt that he was her *enemy*. And she clung closer to Thayendanegea, as if she felt, dove as she was, she could say to the great War-Eagle: "I dare trust thee!"

"When do we go upon the war-path again, my brother?" asked Niscayuna, whose keen eye had noticed that averted look, and even that slight shudder.

"Soon—we must not be idle while the enemies of King George are so busy," said Thayendanegea; and then, when Kathleen clung to him and looked up imploringly in his face, he read her thoughts in her looks, and said:

"Do not tremble, my dove, no harm shall come to the Lily, and when this war is over, there shall be flowers for you to walk upon!"

"I do not fear for myself, but for you!" she said, softly. "If I die—it is but a drop falling into the sea, but if you were to die—I—!" she could not finish the sentence intended, but burst into a flood of tears again; and once more his bosom was a resting-place for her head.

While Thayendanegea was engaged in soothing this new burst of grief, with a tenderness unusual to his stern nature, and new indeed to himself, Dyagetto caught the glance of Niscayuna, and with a look, called him to follow her. Whither they went, or what they said, being to me a mystery, must remain so to the reader.

"If you will go again, oh, take me with you. I can bear fatigue. I fear no danger, only let me live and die by your side!" murmured poor Kathleen, when she became more composed.

"Sweet dove, it cannot be. Thayendanegea could not fight with one eye and all his heart upon you. But his eye looks upon your ter-

ror, and now he knows its cause. You shall no longer be left alone with her who would not have me wed a pale-face. I will place a guard of braves around you, who with their lives shall answer for the safety of the dove that has built her nest in my heart! And when again I come back, I will take the dove to my bosom, and it shall rest there forever!"

And probably for the first time in his life, did the lips of Thayendanegea touch those of woman, for now he bent his noble head down and pressed his lips to hers.

She wept no more. A lofty feeling seemed to enter her heart. She said, and she looked up proudly: "I am the betrothed wife of Thayendanegea; I will be strong, and fit myself to be a warrior's wife!"

"The Great Spirit tells me that you will! Be strong, and Thayendanegea will not be so careless of a life which now belongs to the dove of his bosom!"

Once more he kissed her, and then they arose and walked toward the wigwam. They had but just passed out of sight of the spot where they had been seated, when Dyagetto and Niscayuna stepped from a covert near enough for them to have seen and heard all that had passed. They made no remarks, but by different routes followed Thayendanegea slowly to the wigwam.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Another wild forest scene, and once more we are among old acquaintances. Upon the banks of the swift Tioga, amid a forest of the loftiest hemlocks, was formed an encampment, much such as we have described before, when the ill-fated Herkimer met Thayendanegea at Unadilla. Here, as there, more than an hundred cheerful fires blazed up in the gloom of the night—here, as there, five hundred red warriors moved about them, roasted their beef or their venison; but there was now a greater show, for this was Thayendanegea's great war-party returning from a sweep through a vast portion of the country east and south, where he had gone almost at will, subsisting his men, of course, upon the plunder of those whom he deemed to be his foes; yet more merciful than British or Tories, slaying none but those whom he met in arms against him. Tents, provisions, stores of various kinds were plenty, and also horses to carry them. And this was his chosen band of braves, the veterans of the war, the "old guard" of the *Napoleon of the Forest*.

The night had but just set in, but the camp was fully formed, the sentinels out, the warriors mostly at their suppers, and enjoying as much comfort in their way—and, I confess, in my way, for the forest is a home to me—as any lordling would in his sumptuous palace.

In the centre of the encampment, which was laid out in true military style—for Thayendanegea had lost nothing, but learned much since the commencement of the war—stood a *marquée* or tent, of the largest size.

The largest fire of all blazed before this tent, and various persons were engaged here in roasting and boiling meats, etc.

Before the tent, reclining upon a bear-skin, with his ready rifle as usual by his side, and his tomahawk in his belt, his coronet of eagle plumes upon his head, was our hero, Thayendanegea. And near him, as he ever had been since the battle of the Oriskany, was Niscayuna, looking a trifle older and firmer than when we saw him last, but quite natural.

When the repast of the chief was prepared, only himself and Niscayuna partook of it, though many of the sub-chiefs stood around. Thayendanegea was as lordly in his style as some of his more civilized regal brothers. The repast finished, the War-Eagle again cast himself upon his furry couch, and for a time seemed lost in thought.

"My brother is sad to-night," said Niscayuna. "Where do his thoughts wander that they are gloomy?"

"To the lone dove that waits the coming of her mate," said Thayendanegea.

Niscayuna said no more, for that was a subject upon which he never talked.

But the silence that now began to reign in the forest did not remain long unbroken, for suddenly a warning cry was heard from the sentinels upon the trail they had that day made.

In an instant Thayendanegea was upon his feet; and when the cries were repeated, one was heard from his lips which brought every warrior to his feet. At another cry, the war-

riors gathered to his side, and all, almost as quickly as thought, disappeared in the gloom beyond the fires; so that if foes approached, they could be seen by the Mohawks, while the latter were hidden in the darkness.

Not long in this canopy of gloom did Thayendanegea have to remain in suspense as to by whom or what the alarm was caused.

Ten of his sentinels came on to his *marquée*, and with them several British officers in uniform, and one pale-face, clad in a hunter's garb.

They halted at the tent and uttered a peculiar cry. Upon hearing this, Thayendanegea, bidding his chiefs remain with their men in silence in their places, with only Niscayuna by his side, stepped boldly out of the gloom and walked back to his tent.

"Thayendanegea gives his friends rather a cold welcome this chilly night," said the officer who, by his uniform as well as actions, seemed to be chief of the group.

"When Thayendanegea knows Walter Butler to be his friend, he may give him a welcome," said the chief, coldly.

"All who hate the foes of King George and bear his commissions should be friends! Besides, when we last parted we were on one commission!"

"Yes, but not one of honor. I left you in your company, and chose better for myself. I was led into danger by you, and may thank myself for getting out of it!"

"Danger is a word which I have heard that the Great War-Eagle loves!" said the wily Butler, hoping to flatter the chief.

"He loves *honor* better, but believes that Walter Butler knows but little of either!" said the chief, bluntly. "If you have business with me, let me know it—if you have not, you can depart!"

"Then to the point, Captain Thayendanegea, for I know that such is your commission—here is a letter from my father, Colonel John Butler, your superior!"

"Liar!" thundered Thayendanegea, "I own no superior on earth!"

"I only mean in *rank* in the army of King George!" said Butler, trembling in spite of himself.

"Well, go on with your mission, but talk carefully with your tongue, or you may lose it!"

"Let the letter speak for itself!" said Butler, not daring to risk more words with one whom he knew it was useless to try to conciliate.

Thayendanegea read it by the light of the fire, then threw himself down upon his bear-skin, and pondered over its contents for a long time, leaving his visitors to stand or sit as they thought proper. At last he rose, gave a clear cry, and in an instant, as if by magic, his warriors came in from the gloom, and ranged themselves in such military order before his tent, their front at a distance of twenty paces, as elicited remarks of surprise from those who accompanied Butler.

"Why do you want to go to Cherry Valley?" asked the chief abruptly of Butler.

"I want to fight the enemies of King George!" said Butler. "There are two hundred and fifty continental troops there, with plenty of arms and ammunition!"

"How many men have you?"

"Two hundred, all told!"

"You had better go home! I can take half my men and whip them!"

"These are my father's orders!" said Butler, pleading the only excuse he dared to offer Thayendanegea; although his real reason was his desire to revenge his recent capture, sentence, and the imprisonment at Albany, from which he had escaped.

"Your Tories are worse than my Indians; they will braver women and children, and then lay it to my men, whom I can and do control!"

"We will fight only the soldiers; when they are whipped we'll collect the spoil, and decamp!"

"Walter Butler, you are a bad man, and carry a forked tongue. Your heart is made of mud! But when I took my commission, I swore to fight for King George—and your father, who is no better than you are, holds a higher commission than I do. I would rather go with the devil than you, for he is the best man. But I will go. I have spoken!"

Thayendanegea uttered these words with a careless scorn, which no pen could describe, no pencil fully delineate.

"My troops are beyond your line of sentinels, resting upon their arms in the darkness and cold!" continued Butler.

Thayendanegea made no reply, but gave an order to his chiefs, and his own men instantly dispersed to their different camp-fires, to seek the repose from which they had been aroused, while Thayendanegea cast himself down upon his bear-skin, and lighting his pipe, went to smoking, as if no one lived but himself.

"If you have no respect for me, you might have for the gentlemen with me!" said Butler, now piqued beyond forbearance.

"I know you, Walter Butler, and I judge strangers by the company they keep!" said Thayendanegea. "If your men are in the cold and dark, you had better go and pitch a camp for them, if you know how—if you don't, I'll lend you a *savage* to show you!"

Butler knew his man too well to trifle with him further, and he departed with his suite—or all but one, and he wore no uniform.

He remained standing a moment in the shade of the tent, until Butler and his party were out of hearing, and then stepped forward.

"Great Mister War-Eagle, please for let poor Hon Yost live mit you and your mens—I can't live mit such tam schoundrels as Captain Putler—I hunt mit you when you was a boy; please let me live mit you!" said this individual.

"Yes; you are a rascal, but too good for his company. There is meat, eat. There is a blanket, take it and sleep!" was the brief, but to the poor Dutchman most satisfactory reply.

Thayendanegea now spoke a word to Niscayuna, who brought him a blanket, which he wrapped around his form, and scorning the shelter of a tent, raised more for form than necessity, in such weather, lay down to sleep.

Niscayuna, wrapping a blanket around himself, sat down by his chieftain and brother's head, and there sat quietly watching by him, until, at last, his eyes became weary, and with his rifle beneath his head, he went also to sleep.

Hon Yost, after eating as if he had fasted for a week, picked a blanket from a pile, to which the chief had pointed, and followed suit.

CHAPTER XLIV.

One night more, and another camp. Who would believe it? the united forces of Butler and Thayendanegea, of which, by his British commission, the former is in command, are encamped upon a lofty hill, evergreen covered, within one mile of the village and fort which they intend to attack. And this, although the colonel in command, Allen, has been informed of the intended attack. But, like Braddock in the French war, and still later, my poor friend Dade, in the Florida war, he held Indian cunning as well as courage at too light a weight, and was sunk by it in consequence.

And here, too, guided by the knowledge and skill of Thayendanegea, they had been led, in broad daylight; so that before they laid down in their blankets for the night—as they did without fires—they could count the soldiers in the garrison, see every house in the village, and even notice every spot where a sentinel was posted.

That night, before he made dispositions in regard to his own movements in the morning (and history proves it), Thayendanegea, much as he hated Butler, held an interview with him in regard to the sparing of families in the place—telling him that friends of General Johnson and his own father dwelt there.

But I cannot pause. A painful task is before me; and the sooner it is over, the better.

Having marked the position of every sentinel the night before—leaving Butler to choose his own point of attack—Thayendanegea, at or before dawn, while snow-flakes were falling thick and fast in the air, moved down the hill with his men. Butler, with his "Rangers"—alias murderous Tories—taking their route.

But before they reached the village, a settler, going in on horseback, crossed their path. He was fired upon; but, in the darkness and mist of the morning, he escaped. The alarm was given—guns fired; and all was now excitement and confusion. Butler and his Rangers, without even approaching the garrison, sprang to a work of general desolation and carnage. Thayendanegea's heart, *savage* (?) as it was, thrilled with horror when he found how he had been betrayed by the fiend Butler. One of his chiefs he sent to protect the venerable minister of the place—others he sent

elsewhere; but he hastened to one family, of which he had spoken particularly to the hated Tory. He was too late when he arrived at the house of Judge Wells: the family were slain! He hurried in pursuit of Butler, who, mad with excitement, sword in hand, was rushing from house to house, killing and ordering to kill.

He found him in the act of causing a woman and child to be slain in bed.

"Back, murdering dog, or you die!" cried Thayendanegea. "The child nor woman are enemies to the king! Go check your *devils*—they are not men."

Thus rebuked, Butler turned away—not in shame, for he had none; and Thayendanegea went on, to save.

From the moment the garrison was alarmed and the fort secured, he knew how useless it was to try its strength without artillery. His wish was impossible; and now, sickened and disgusted, he regretted that even the oath, by which he held his commission in a cause which he had been reared to believe right, had been kept.

Morn of horror! let not thy sun rise higher to my view; for all it is red—red with blood!

Reader, go to impartial history for a recital of the horrors of November 10th, 1778, in Cherry Valley—where yet the name of BUTLER is used to frighten wicked children into silence!

CHAPTER XLV.

Still another camp-fire, and one more melancholy than any yet; it is at a half-day's march from Cherry Valley, toward Niagara, whither Thayendanegea, with some important prisoners—needed to effect exchanges—is bound. Melancholy, because these poor prisoners have been suddenly wrenched from their desolated homes; some have left living relatives behind; others have left those whom they best loved on earth, dead and stark upon the ground.

The camp is in a beautiful and romantic spot—it is in a dense ravine, where a broad glade of autumn-dried grass spreads out a soft carpet for the foot. Through its center winds a rippling stream, on its way to the Susquehanna. Upon either hand, seemingly all around, rise mountains, crowned with evergreen, so steep that they almost seem to topple over the plain below.

Here in this dell, hitherto so lone and still, where few human feet have ever trod, but where the red deer has joyed to feed and play, rest all of Thayendanegea's band—for he has not lost a man—and their prisoners.

Butler, with his Tory Rangers, and a few mercenary Indians, with whom Thayendanegea's band have no connection, have taken another route.

Bold in his conscious strength and fearless nature, the War-Eagle has caused his camp-fires to be lighted as usual, for he knows that no force behind will be strong enough to follow him; and if they did, he would almost, or quite, rejoice at the chance of a fair fight—so sickened and disgusted was he at the butchery of the morning, so dissonant with his own character.

It was after all the camp was still, and such of the prisoners as would eat had been fed, that Thayendanegea went to his own camp-fire, where Hon Yost lay sleeping, and Niscayuna sat on watch.

He approached the fire, cast himself down on his blanket, and for a time remained in thought—sad thought, for more than once a sigh rose from his breast. At last he said:

"Niscayuna, from the day we fought at Oriskany until now, you have clung to me as the vine clings to the oak. You are my brother. There is a stone in my heart to-night, and I can not cast it out. There is a cloud before my eyes; it is very dark, but in its center I see the Lily of the Pale-faces, the White Dove of my bosom. The path of my feet is to Niagara, but my heart wants to walk to the wigwam on the Mohawk!"

Niscayuna listened in silence; he did not even raise his eyes from the ground, upon which he was gazing.

"I must send a messenger to the White Dove—will my brother go to her?" continued the chief.

The frame of Niscayuna shook as shakes the aspen leaf, when the winds are breathing quickly; but he made no reply.

"The White Dove is in a net! She calls upon the Eagle to save her!" continued Thayendanegea. And his strong frame shook with an agitation which it had never known before.

"My brother only dreams a bad dream!" said Niscayuna, at last, in a low and tremulous voice. But yet he did not raise his eyes from the ground.

"It is no dream, for I can not sleep," said Thayendanegea. "Her low voice moans in my ear all the time—the Dove calls for her Eagle, and says: 'Come to me, or I perish.'"

"My brother's ears are filled with the sounds he heard this morning—of the doves which were then cruelly sent to the spirit-land!" continued Niscayuna.

"No—my heart bled for them; there is only one voice now in my heart—it is the voice of the Lily of the Pale-faces—of the Dove of my bosom!"

"Let my brother, the Great War-Eagle, be a man, and not weak, like a woman. Let him sleep, and rest will drive away bad thoughts!"

"I will listen to the words of my brother—I will try!" said Thayendanegea. And he drew his blanket around him, and covering his head, tried to sleep.

And Niscayuna, upon whose face an hundred thoughts seemed to be painting themselves, as if below, in his heart, many passions were at war, looked at the form of the reclining warrior; but he did not try to sleep. And at times low murmurs would rise to his lips—the thoughts of his heart trying to get out from their prison.

"Dyagetto has kept her pledge!" he murmured. "The War-Eagle never shall be wed to a cursed pale-face!"

"Who spoke?" cried Thayendanegea; and he half arose from the ground.

"The wind was groaning among the caverns of the hills!" said Niscayuna. "All else is still, but

the singing of the water as it goes to dance with its sisters in the Crooked River!"

"I can not sleep—the voice that is in my heart is too loud!"

He rose, and for a long time walked to and fro before the fire, his agitation not decreasing in all this time, but rather becoming more violent. At last he addressed Niscayuna once more:

"Will my brother be my messenger to the White Dove? I dare not trust another. My brother loves me. He has proved his love. I have proved it as the strong man proves the bow! Will my brother go to the White Dove?"

"Will my brother let his memory go back to the night after the fight at Oriskany?" asked Niscayuna.

"I close my eyes and it flies back swiftly," replied Thayendanegea.

"Then it sees the hour when the great War-Eagle bade Niscayuna call him brother before all the Nations," continued Niscayuna.

"It looks upon that hour, and the eye is not dim which sees it," said Thayendanegea.

"Has that memory an ear, as well as an eye?" asked Niscayuna.

"Only one year; so that which goes in at the one has no other to flee out of."

"Then it hears Thayendanegea swear by the Great Spirit that Niscayuna shall never be driven from his side!" cried the young warrior, and a look of triumph sat upon his features.

"It hears the oath, and Thayendanegea will not break it!" said the warrior; but there was a deep sadness in his tone.

He spoke no more; but sat all the night long by the fire, evidently revolving some plan in his mind. For the great veins in his temple were falling and rising, as if the thoughts were coming and going from the heart to the brain.

It was morning. The war-party was afoot while yet the gray dawn hung upon the path of departing night. The morning food was cooked and eaten; the prisoners prepared for the day's journey; and all was ready for departure.

Then Thayendanegea called his sub-chiefs to him, and upon a piece of white bark he marked out for them their course, and the distance they must make.

* The name *Susquehanna*, in the Indian language, means the *Crooked River*.

upon each day's journey. This done, he told them to go on, and he would overtake them upon the route. He had another work to do, and must go and do it.

The band, with its sorrowing train, moved on, and but three remained—Thayendanegea, Niscayuna and Hon Yost.

"Why do you not go with them?" asked Thayendanegea, sternly, of Hon Yost, and he pointed to the departing party.

"I have had a dream, and must go mit der War-Eagle to der Mohawks!" said Hon Yost, quietly.

"The Great Spirit has spoken—who else could have told him where Thayendanegea was going?" muttered the chief to himself. Then he added aloud, "You shall go! Hasten to cook food. We sleep not—pause not—till we get to the Mohawk!"

Niscayuna said nothing; but if the chieftain's heart had seemed very heavy the night before, his heart seemed ten times heavier now.

On the contrary, new life seemed to have come back to the spirit of Thayendanegea from the moment that he had formed his determination.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Before the new and elegant wigwam which Thayendanegea had caused to be built for Kathleen, before he last went upon the war-path, were gathered the Indians whom he had left to guard her with their lives. Upon their faces both grief and surprise were visible; for their young queen, as they had learned to regard her, was nowhere to be found. She had won upon their respect and love, by dressing as the Indian maidens dressed; and her new hopes had so improved her looks, that in her new garb she looked wondrously beautiful, and seemed more to them like an angel from the spirit-land than a being of mortal mold. Her eye expressing but a wish, it was accomplished. The choicest game from the forest, the finest fish from the waters, the sweetest birds that beat the air with feathery pinion—all were laid before her. She wished to make a gala suit of clothing for Thayendanegea, to show him on his return that she could do as Indian maidens did. They taught her how, and brought her the materials; for Dyagetto, who remained spitefully in her old wigwam, would show her nothing.

Mute and sorrow-stricken, they stood before the wigwam; for this was the second day since she had been missed, and far and wide had they sought for her, and found no sign. When they had asked Dyagetto about her, she laughed scornfully, and said:

"I suppose you slept upon your guard, and she stole away from you. The pale faces are treacherous, and do not like the red men!"

But these warriors knew how she loved Thayendanegea, and how she trusted in them; for she never would move from the wigwam except when they went to guard her. Some suggested that she had been lifted up to the spirit-land; but all shook their heads and murmured:

"What will Thayendanegea say?"

While thus standing, a distant and cheerful cry was heard. Oh, how well they knew that shout! It was the "return call" of Thayendanegea.

They stood still, looked one at the other, and trembled. And Dyagetto, who, came now, for she had heard the far-off cry, and with a singular smile upon her face, she came to welcome her son to his wigwam.

Soon he came bounding on, as light as a buck, which, when the morning air is fresh, hears the hounds afar off, and despising them, spurns the earth beneath his feet. In a moment he was at the wigwam door, beside which hung the beautiful dress which she had made for him. His eye rested upon it a pleased second—he knew it was her work

—then supposing that maiden modesty kept her within, he entered the wigwam just as Hon Yost and Niscayuna arrived, both almost breathless; for it were a fast runner who could keep up with the love-pace of the War-Eagle as he neared the nest where he had left his flower. Dyagetto and Niscayuna exchanged one look of intelligence, and then seemed no more to see or know each other.

In a moment, Thayendanega reappeared, wonder upon his face, but as yet no other expression.

"Where is my White Dove? Where is the Lily of my heart? Does she hide from Thayendanega, that she may tease him?"

No reply was made but by looks. He saw that something was wrong, and his face changed like the sun when a cloud sweeps across it.

"Where is the Lily?" he thundered. The warriors trembled, but not one of them dared be the first to speak. But Dyagetto, in a sarcastic tone, said:

"A bird told me that while your warriors slept, she stole away to find a pale-faced lover."

"Woman, you lie! The bird that threatened to tear my dove to pieces is the only bird you know! Where is my dove? Speak!" thundered Thayendanega; and with every vein swelling as if it would burst, his form distending as if he was about to spring upon her, he awaited her answer.

"Ask them—you left her with them!" she said, and pointed to the guard.

For an instant, mastering his passion with a mighty effort, the chief turned to them, and asked an explanation of the manner of her disappearance.

The one whom he had placed as captain over all the rest now told Thayendanega all about it: how they had loved and revered her—how she had waited the return of the War-Eagle—and pointed to her work to show what had been her thoughts and employment in his absence. He then said that on the night before, she had gone singing into her wigwam, as was her wont—that the guard was placed as usual; but a strange drowsiness came over them—they slept without the power to avoid it, and when morning came, she was gone.

Calmly, to appearance, Thayendanega heard all this; but when the warrior had finished, it could be seen that the most fearful storm of his terrible nature was rising, and woe to the one on whom its lightnings fell!

But now Hon Yost, whose eyes, from the beginning, had been wandering from Dyagetto to Niscayuna, touched Thayendanega upon the arm and said:

"One bird tells me somethings, too, Mister Var-Eagle. Come mit me. Hon Yost dream dat he finds your Lily!"

Thayendanega looked at Hon Yost a moment, as if he would read him through; then said:

"I will go!"

Hon Yost led the way, at once, to a path which wound along a ravine down to the small level upon the bank of the foaming river. He was followed closely by Thayendanega; next by the warriors; and last of all came Dyagetto and Niscayuna.

Without a moment's hesitation or faltering, Hon Yost led the way to the same ravine where, in times long back, we traced the wicked Aroghadecka; and paused not until he reached the very spot where, for years the noble Ogahtee had suffered. Pushing aside the small stone in the mouth of the cave, he said:

"Call to your bird, Var-Eagle. I think you find her here!"

"In this cave?" asked Thayendanega.

He needed no other call. His voice had been heard, for a clear, sweet cry came up from the gloom below:

"Thayendanega—THAYENDANEGA! I knew you would come!"

It was Kathleen!

With a cry of mixed anger and delight, Thayendanega would have tried to force his way through the narrow aperture; but Hon Yost restrained him and only said:

"Come mit me—come mit me, Var-Eagle!"

He then leaped around the angle of the rock to a spot where only two could stand. From a ledge overhead, placed where no one would see it but one who knew it was there, he drew a stout lever of wood. He inserted this behind, or in the crevice of what appeared to be an immense rock. With but very little effort, it yielded to the leverage; and opening, showed that it was but a door to the cavern, but so constructed that it could not be opened from the inside.

"Call your bird, Var-Eagle," said Hon Yost, proudly; for he had now won a victory to him greater than that at Fort Schuyler.

No need, even now, had Thayendanega to call her; for Kathleen had seen the light—had recognized his form; and now, with a delicious shriek of pleasure—of joy unutterable by words—she sprang from the gloom into his outstretched arms.

And then the warrior, to whom death was but a playmate—whose heart was supposed to be harder, a thousand times, than the flint in his gun—kneeling down, and while he kissed her again

and again, wept like a very child—wept and sobbed until she tried to dry his tears with her many kisses, and almost chidingly asked if he was not glad to see her.

"Oh, so glad—so glad—my heart will break out from my breast—it is too big!—let the water run from it!" he said, in tones so low and soft you could not have believed that they came from a warrior's tongue.

In a little while he was more calm, and holding her in his arms, followed Hon Yost, who—with a delicacy which men accredited of sense might not have exhibited—had gone on, and permitted that noble burst of feeling in a brave heart to go unwitnessed.

When Thayendanega appeared to his delighted warriors with their loved young queen in his arms, they rent the air with their shouts of joy, and led the way out to the river bank, where the glad sun was shining—making the river and the wild foaming cataract look like a mixed flood of silver and of gold.

Dyagetto and Niscayuna had disappeared; but, in the general joy, no one seemed to notice or think of that. Once upon the firm shore, Thayendanega released his precious burden from his arms, and putting her down, stood and looked at her, in her beautiful forest garb, and in the renewed loveliness which love and hope had given her, with the same intense admiration which some soul-enwrapped artist bestows upon a work just finished—which, for him, has been the toil, the study, the sole idea for years upon years.

And then, all heedless of the presence of his warriors, he caught her up to his breast, and kissed her again and again, until, in a whisper, she reminded him that they were not alone, while she blushed a treble beauty at the thought.

"True, my own one!" he said, gently. Then, turning to his warriors, he bade them go up to the wigwam and prepare a feast, while he and the White Dove walked by the water-side and talked.

All obedient, and now doubly swift for the happiness which they felt, they hurried to do so, while Thayendanega, as he became more calm, clasping the hand of his loved Kathleen, walked up along the brink of the foaming torrent, and sought to so still his emotions that he could ask her how she was placed in the cave, for he feared his own anger, and wished to master it while he could.

Reaching a spot just above the cataract, that where first he had landed with her, he sat down upon a log close by the fringe of bushes at the foot of the cliff, and directly beneath that lofty look-out, where she had stood so many patient hours watching for him, and placed her by his side.

Now more calm, he asked her the questions which he wished. And she told him a long tale of the ill-treatment which she had received before he placed a guard to protect her, and then how Dyagetto had in vain tried to get the guard to destroy her; and how, at last, after she had retired to her rest, she awoke in the cave, and heard the taunting voice of Dyagetto cry:

"My son shall never wed a pale-face! You shall die!"

A warning cry was heard from the crest of the cliff at this instant; but, oh God of Heaven! it was all too late to save; for, as Thayendanega started at the sound, his mother, leaping like a tigress from the covert close behind, sprung upon poor Kathleen, seized her in her arms, and at a single bound was buried in the rushing waters! For a moment paralyzed, Thayendanega stood, and then would have leaped after those who were now buried far amid the rocks below, had not Niscayuna caught and held him back, or tried to do so, for the chief struggled terribly. In the struggle he would have succeeded, had not some of the warriors from above, who had uttered the warning cry, reached them just as both were on the water's brink, and drew them back.

And now the garments, rent from the bosom of Niscayuna, disclosed the fact that a woman stood before them!

Thayendanega, faint from exertion and excitement, gazed one moment, and uttered the name:

"LONA!"

With bended head, and blushes darkening her face, she drew the rent garments over her bosom, and threw herself weeping and terrified at his feet; for in his looks she read that he had in a moment divined her agency in this matter, and her motive for putting on male attire, and following him.

With folded arms he stood and grew calm, fearfully calm; for there is a calm of determination which is fearful! His warriors stood by in silence. They looked upon him, and did not dare to speak. The scene was too full of suspense—it was maddening!

At last she rose and looked at him—oh! so heart-brokenly!

"Go seek her you have torn from my bosom!" he said, sternly.

One look at him—one heavy sigh which told that her heart had burst—and she obeyed! The dark waters closed over her, the white waters received her, and her spirit fled after those which had gone before!

The Mohawk braves trembled and breathed quick breaths; but Thayendanega, without a quiver on his lip, like a moving statue of bronze, turned and said, in a tone hoarse and deep, but strong:

"BACK TO THE WAR-PATH!"

THE END.

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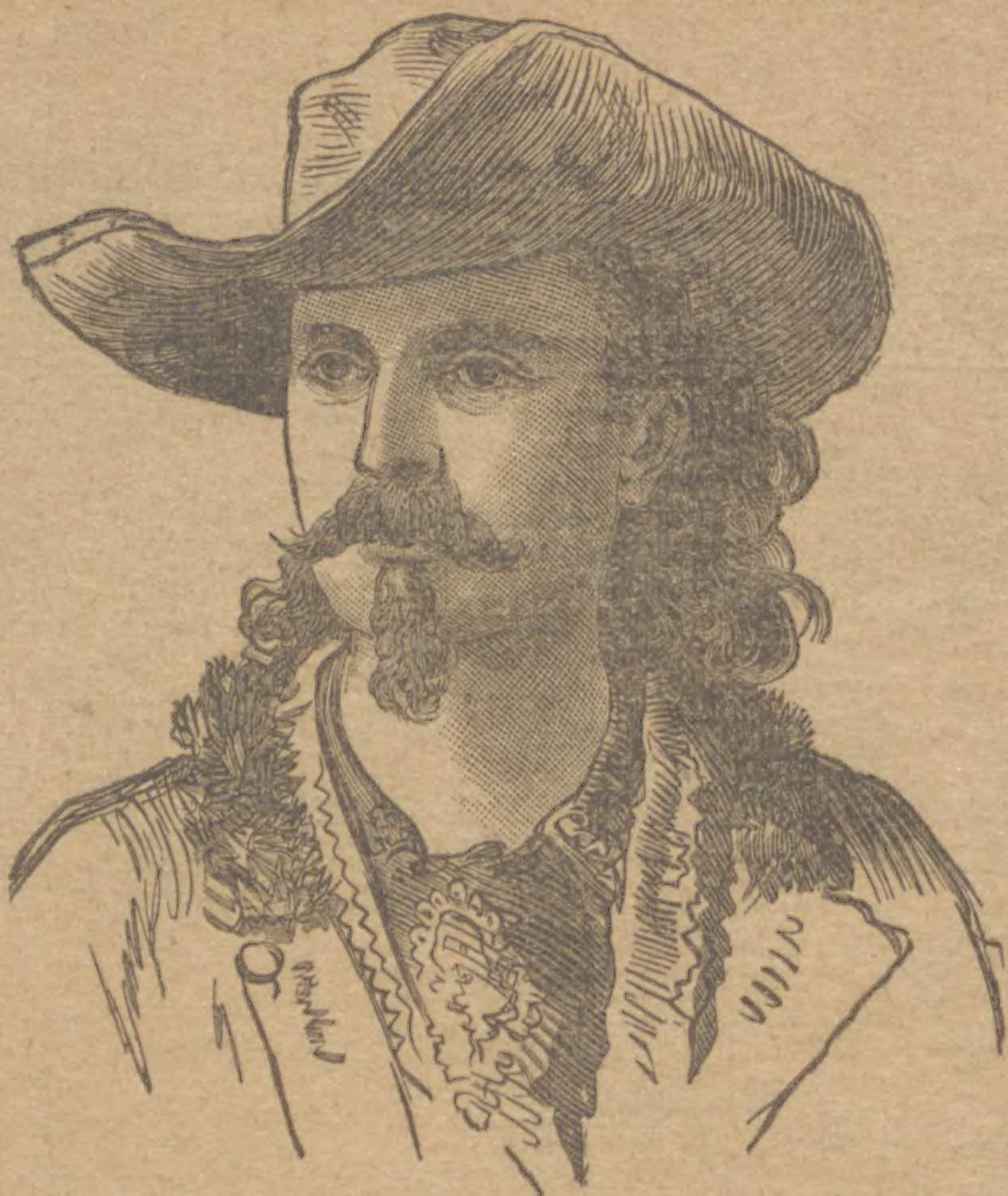
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